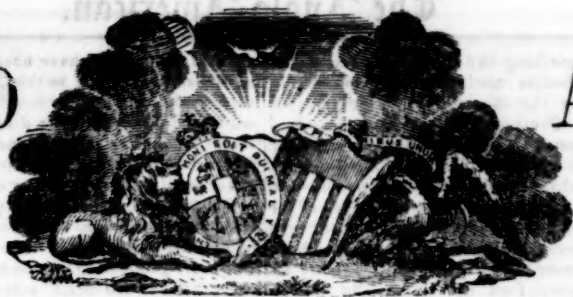


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.



M. L. GARVIN & Co.,

PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

Vol. 5. No. 17.

THE POET'S SONG TO THE STARS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.

Oh, ye that calmly move—
In holy peace above—
Ruled by harmonious love—
Since first the world was new!
Oh, solemn stars of night!
Upon your path of light—
Eternal, pure, and bright—
I speak to you!

While trustingly I gaze
Upon your shining rays,
A tender softness plays
Within my breast and brain.
Sweet stars! I have but three
Fond wishes dear to me,—
Oh do not let them be
Breath'd forth in vain!

The love that I have known,—
The love I thought my own,—
It fails!—and left alone,
Mine is a joyless lot!
Restore that love which blest
The poet's clinging breast;
This is my first request—
Refuse it not!

And deem it not too hard,
Oh, stars! to grant the bard
One—only one—reward
For all his glowing lays!
The lyre beneath my hand,
Oh, let it but command
In this, my Fatherland,
One voice of praise!

And when death's hour is nigh,
Then swan-like let me die,
And sunwards let me fly,—
A singer pure and true!
When hence I shall depart,
Oh, bear my fervent heart,
From sorrow's piercing dart,
Sweet stars, to you!

SOME LADY-BIRDS AND THEIR HAUNTS.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN. (Continued.)

Of course it is much more difficult in the "World of London," or in the secluded places where many of them take up their abodes, to get a sight of celebrated Literary Ladies, than of gentlemen writers, who, in their hours of relaxation, mix themselves up with the multitude.

But in the great Metropolis, where so many of our distinguished literateurs either reside or continually resort, there are hundreds of opportunities of seeing the learned lions, and he must be indeed unfortunate, who seeks, and finds not. It is generally considered that great, and almost insuperable difficulties lie in the way, not only of strangers, but of residents in England, with respect to making one's self acquainted with the outward and visible appearances of authors. Than this, there can scarcely be a greater mistake. In London there are certain Club-houses, where some of our celebrated writers may, at particular hours of the day, be, almost to a certainty, found. Go to the Garrick Club house, for instance, and if Sheridan Knowles is in London, ten to one you will see his large blue eyes gleaming in some snug box, or if you do not note him, you will, ere you have (if in the next box) been in the room five minutes, hear his rich brogue, as he converses with some dining crony. Enter the Junior United Service Club-house, and most likely you will catch a glimpse of Marryat's keen physiognomy; and look in at the "Senior," and the broad, coarse, weather-beaten, sail cloth textured face of Sir John Ross will meet your glance. And then, should you be very anxious to see D'Israeli or Bulwer, you have only to get a friend to procure you the *entree* of the "Carlton" or the "Reform," and your curiosity will be speedily satisfied.

Then there are the Coffee Houses—but these are not so famous for their literary customers, as they were in the old times, when Goldsmith, and Addison, and Steele, and Swift, and Phillips, and whole hosts of others, regularly patronized them. Who does not recognise "Will's" and Tom's, and the "Chapter," as old familiar names! But these have had their day. Only the "Chapter Coffee House," I believe, remains of the ancient houses of this class—and at this latter place, which is conveniently situated in a passage between Pater-Noster Row and Saint Paul's Church Yard, many a literary lion may now be seen, at the low price of a cup of coffee. But how, will some say, are we to discover amongst the numbers seated there, those who are worth a good stare at? I will tell you. Make a friend of the waiter—the head waiter, whom you will soon discover, for the superintendents of such places always look as if they were part and parcel of the concern. Go frequently to the Coffee house, until he knows you as a customer—he not too economical in your fees—nor be you too liberal, lest he laugh at you for a green one, and when you have scraped a sort of half and half acquaintance with him, pump him; and if you do it discreetly you will soon attain your ends. At the Chap-

ter Coffee house, Cary, the translator of Dante, is a frequent visitor—and there was Sydney Smith often seen—indeed it is quite the house of call for clerical authors. Southey, too, passed a good deal of his leisure time there, on the occasions when he visited London—and they were few; and in those very brief intervals which are left to him, Melville sometimes rests there from the excessive fatigue imposed on himself by the laborious polishing of his sermons. Occasionally I have seen Croly there—frequently, Dale, and as for minor Canons and Prebendaries of the neighboring Cathedral, many of them well known writers, they are constantly to be found there, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa."

The houses I have named, however, are, of course, only frequented by gentlemen; but there are places where the fairer portion of the literary community are to be met with; for instance in the various Theatres of Learned Institutions, where Lectures are delivered, at Literary Soirees, or in the reading room of the British Museum, where the occupants of the tables are both male and female.

It was in this reading room that I saw, for the first and only time in my life, that extraordinary woman—Mrs Somerville—the learned authoress of the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences." She was busily employed in making extracts from some huge folios, and so I had but an imperfect view of her. As is usual with ladies who frequent the room for the purpose of study, and few go there with any other object in view—she was unbonnetted. She appeared to be (it is not ungallant, I hope, to guess at a fair lady's years, in this instance, at least) about forty two or three. Her countenance was not handsome, but highly intelligent—on her broad forehead her dark hair was combed back from the centre, and terminated in large clusters of small ringlets. The expression of her features was rather pleasing than profound—but I occupied so unfavorable a position, and the lady was so intent upon her labor, that I did not get so favorable a view of her as I could have wished.

How frequently does it occur, that we are disappointed in the external appearances of those with whose works we have long been familiar, and of whose persons we have drawn mind portraits, which have, from long association, become acknowledged resemblances. I scarcely remember one celebrated author or authoress, who has answered *exactly* to the ideal portraits of them which, long before I saw them "in the body," I had hung up in my own private and particular image chamber. Even when portraits have given us some notion of their every-day-abilities—the real originals appear vastly different from their pictured semblances. So it was in the case of a lady whom I am about to introduce to the reader, by means of what may be termed word-limning.

A few years since, on the occasion of a new tragedy being produced, by dint of much struggling, and after having undergone so awful a squeezing that, like poor Hood's Spoiled Child, if I had been held up, I could scarcely have been seen edgewise, I found myself in the midst of as dense a crowd as can well be imagined, in the pit of one of the great metropolitan theatres. I had endured the enormous pressure outside the door for more than two hours before they were opened, and when they were unbarred had literally been carried nearly as far as the paying place, by the living stream which flowed from without, inwards. As soon as I had recovered from the terrific scramble for a seat, I looked about me, and a brilliant spectacle met my view.

From orchestra to ceiling was one dense mass of human beings. The dress circle was unusually thronged; and, amongst the brilliant audience, were many of both sexes, whose names have shed a lustre on English Literature. Nearly every author of note, in London, was present; and the reason of this was, that Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion" was to try its chance with the public, that night, for the first time.

Many of those, who were present on that occasion, I have already noticed in this series of papers. Others were there, whom I must pass by, for the present; and only direct attention to a few, whom I may not, hereafter, have an opportunity of presenting to the reader.

In the very centre box (I believe) of the dress circle, and on the front seat, sat an elderly lady, whose personal appearance formed a very striking contrast to theirs who sat on either side of her. On her right and left hand were elegantly and superbly dressed ladies, of exceeding beauty, who shone in all the glories of diamonds and ostrich plumes. Youth and loveliness were all around her; and yet that plain, elderly little lady, attracted more notice than the brightest of them. People turned from the belles in the boxes to gaze upon the withered little lady; who, if she ever possessed any personal charms, had certainly lost them, "long, long ago."

The lady in question was not only elderly—as we courteously call people, who are far down the hill of life—but absolutely old. Although seated, it was plainly to be seen that she was low in stature—and her frame very slender, thin and attenuated, but graceful withal. Her face was small, and the features pinched;—I know no other term which would convey what I mean, so well as that. The skin of her face was of a bilious hue, which wrinkled, and strained somewhat tightly over the bridge of a rather aquiline and sharply pointed nose. Her gray hair was simply parted on her fine forehead, and confined beneath a plainly made mob-cap. I do not know whether my lady readers will know what kind of a cap this is. If they do not, I am sorry for it—for I am no great hand at describing such matters. Her eyes were small, dark, and very brilliant; and, even at her advanced age, she did not wear spectacles constantly—never, indeed, whilst looking at the stage. I only saw them in use when she had occasion to refer to the bill of the play. She was dressed in a very plain, dark (brown, I think) silk gown, made so as to fit closely round the throat; and had long, black silk gloves on, which reached half way up her arms. This was the authoress of the "Plays of the Passions,"—the most powerful of England's female writers—Joanna Baillie.

From the somewhat masculine character of Miss Baillie's poetry, I had anticipated seeing quite a different looking personage from what she turned out

to be, and I could not help experiencing something like a feeling of disappointment, as I gazed on the frail looking lady before me. Certainly no one, on looking at her, would suspect her of being the Authoress of *De Montfort*. Since that time I have frequently seen the Poetess—and, on one occasion, I accompanied a friend to her house at Hampstead, where she resides with an only sister. Miss Baillie is a fine specimen of the old English Lady—simple, graceful, and dignified. Her residence is always open to literary people—especially to those from distant countries—and not a few avail themselves of the privilege of seeing her at home; and one of these interviews Miss Sedgwick has charmingly described. Her conversational powers are of a very high order, and, as may be expected, she is full of anecdote respecting her literary acquaintance. Of Sir Walter Scott she is very fond of talking—Sir Walter having visited her during his last sojourn in London. Blessed with competence, her days glide smoothly and serenely on, in the company of her sister Agnes, with whom she has lived since childhood, and to whom she is devotedly attached.

In the next box to Joanna Baillie, sat William Wordsworth, and the great Poet of course was an object of not a little attention. As soon as he entered the house he was recognised, and loudly cheered. Whether he was ignorant that the compliment was intended for him, or not, I cannot tell—but he did not notice it. He leaned over and shook hands with Joanna, and then sat down, removed his green spectacles, and leaning his thoughtful looking head on his hand, gazed round the house, nodding to one and another, as he recognised them. I always thought that Wordsworth's face had much of sadness in its expression, and this struck me very forcibly on the night in question. He looked more like a man borne down by some heavy grief, than a profound thinker—his smile, whenever he chanced to greet any acquaintance, was really a solemn affair, and it speedily vanished, as if the effort to display it, if but for a moment, was too painful for long continuance.

But despite this who could look at the Bard of Rydal, and not feel a flush of pride, and a glow of satisfaction, that he was in the presence of one of Nature's High Priests? During the whole of the Tragedy, and on that first night it occupied nearly five hours in the performance, Wordsworth did not leave his seat, and frequently paid a tribute of admiration to his brother poet, by applauding portions of the piece. Indeed, he thumped with his stick most lustily, and if Talfourd saw him, he must have been not a little gratified by such approvals of his Tragedy.

In a side box of the second tier, sat a lady, whose name at that period scandal was extremely busy with. Let us, however, hope, that in her case, "common Rumor was a common Liar"—it was the Countess of Blessington.

And well might Lord Byron, in speaking of her, call her "most gorgeous Lady Blessington," for seldom have mortal eyes rested on a more magnificent specimen of woman-kind. In this instance all the ideas of her extraordinary beauty, which I had gathered from published portraits, were more than realized although it was evident that her ladyship had passed the point of perfection. She was rather more *en bon point* than I expected to have seen her—but what in others would have been a defect, seemed, in her case, to be an added charm. As she carelessly leaned against the pillar of her box, she realized Byron's description—her form

"Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy,
But of a beauty that would drive you crazy."

She was elegantly, and almost as a matter of course, simply dressed. A black velvet dress displayed her superb figure to the best advantage—her hair was disposed in much the same mode as we see in portraits of Queen Victoria, and a single row of large pearls encircled her head—a pearl necklace a diamond stomacher, and a plain gold bracelet, were her only extra personal adornments.

It would be absurd in me to attempt a description of Lady Blessington's style of beauty. The engraved portrait of her, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which every one has seen, will convey all the information that is necessary on this point. Neither Chalon nor Parris have at all succeeded in portraying her. With respect to literary acquirements, Lady Blessington cannot be rated remarkably high. She is lively, piquant, and pleasant—and her literary soirees, despite the scandalous rumors already alluded to, are a match for Rogers's breakfasts. But I am sure I need not detain the reader with further particulars respecting one of whom Willis has written so much and so well.

Standing behind Lady Blessington, and familiarly conversing with her, was the famous Count D'Orsay.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Count D'Orsay is a son-in-law of the Countess's; but although separated from his wife, he is on very good terms with her mother. As he stood, his fine form relieved by the drapery of the box, he certainly appeared to be one of the best looking, and certainly the best dressed man I ever saw. I say one of the best looking; for he by no means carries away the palm in this respect. He is rather effeminate than otherwise in face. His hair is light—so are his whiskers, which almost concealed the lower part of his face, and met, in monstrous bushiness, under his well shaped chin—and so is his complexion. Seen in profile, his features are exquisitely regular; but still there is an unmanly softness—a prettiness, which ill becomes a lord of the creation, about it. His dress was faultless in color and cut—perfectly plain and simple, and fitting to a nicety; but I could not help smiling at the pains he must have taken with his toilet. After all, the tailor had a good deal to do with his Countship—and if there is one thing on earth which is more ridiculous than another, it is the man who only lives for his looking glass.

But Count D'Orsay is by no means a brainless beau. Few men are more accomplished than he. He is a graceful sketcher—an excellent musician—and his recent statuette of the Duke of Wellington proves him to be an able artist. Alas! all these aids could not save him from the rude grip of a Sheriff's officer; for the Count has been recently a prisoner for debt, and I am not sure that he is not yet within four walls, furnishing "Punch" with material for the "Dossay Portraits."

Writing just now of Lord Byron, reminds me of Lady Byron, who I saw at Clifton, about three years ago. I do not know that I ought to class her among authoresses; but she is so intimately connected with literary matters, that a slight sketch of her may not be without interest.

Lady Byron frequently takes up her temporary residence at the place I have just mentioned, and it was during one of her visits there that I saw her, with Lady King, (now the Countess of Lovelace) the "Ada" of Lord Byron's poem, strolling through the Zoological Gardens, on Clifton Down. As they stood before the elephant, feeding the animal with fruit and cakes, I had a good view of both.

Lady Byron's countenance was anything but prepossessing, and I should

think it never could have been handsome. There was a shrewish look about it, and as much pride in the whole expression as I ever remember to have seen disfigure a human countenance. Perhaps trouble might have done its work, and ploughed those disdainful lines; or the constant effort to show contempt for the world's opinions or conjectures, may have chilled the heart, and so frozen up the features into repulsiveness. Whatever may have been the cause, so it was—the widow of the great Poet looked anything but amiable.

"Ada" was a fine, buxom girl, with a good-humored, not over intellectual cast of countenance. I looked in vain for some resemblance to him who has immortalized her name. She seemed to be mightily amused by the monkeys, who were gambolling in a large cage; and I left the "sole daughter of" Byron's "house and heart" screaming with delight at the tricks of a Champanzee.

Before I close this paper, I would say a few words respecting an English lady, whose history, as a woman, has been as melancholy as her career as a Poetess has been brilliant. I allude to the gifted daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—Mrs. Norton.

I saw her once, and only once; it was at one of Carlyle's lectures. But hers was a face, which once looked upon can never be forgotten. I had heard much of beauty, and seen some fine specimens of it, but until I saw Mrs. Norton, I never knew what *intellectual* loveliness in reality was. It seemed as if nature had lavished all the treasures it could command, in order to furnish a fitting tabernacle for so brilliant a mind to inhabit. Her complexion was very pale and clear, and her hair, jet black, was simply braided on either side of the head, and confined by a diamond circle behind. Her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, yet femininely soft in their expression; the nose was pure Grecian; the upper lip curved and thin, whilst the lower was full, and both were of the richest coralline hue. Her neck and throat were gracefully moulded, and the bust and figure exquisitely proportioned. But it was the spirit which lighted up that beautiful temple, which, after all, formed its chief attraction. No one could gaze on Mrs. Norton for an instant, without feeling that he was in the presence of genius. Well has she been called the Byron of Poetesses. She has all the fervor of the great poet, and for impassioned eloquence and sterling poetical vigor she has not a rival.

Severely has this admirable Poetess and estimable woman been persecuted; but she has come forth from the furnace, without even the smell of fire upon her raiment. In the opinion of all whose good opinion is of any value, she cannot stand higher than she does; and by that best and truest verdict, the general voice of her countrywomen, she stands guiltless, whilst her despicable enemies are scorned and contemned. I have deemed it but right to say thus much on a subject, which is all important, so far as regards the fame of a true Poetess, and noble-hearted woman, otherwise I would never have adverted to it.

This article has, almost insensibly, extended to a greater length than I anticipated, so I must leave Miss Mitford, and poor L. E. L., about whom I have much to say, for the present. There are also other Lady-birds on my list, and ere long they shall be introduced, with "all the honors."

THE CONQUEST OF SCINDE.

The Conquest of Scinde, with some Introductory Passages in the Life of Major-General Sir Charles James Napier. Dedicated to the British People. By Major-General W. F. P. Napier, Member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Military Science, Author of "History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France." London: T. & W. Boone. 1845.

When we take up the history of a conquest, particularly when that conquest has occurred in our own times, and has added one of the richest and most fertile countries in the world to our own, we are led to speculate on and inquire into the following topics—inquiries which may be instituted with advantage in the study of all histories but which, for the reasons just assigned, and for the national honour of our native land, and the character of her soldiers and statesmen, it is absolutely necessary should be fairly and distinctly placed before the public. These are—the right of conquest; the necessity for conquest; the means whereby that conquest is obtained; and the benefit conferred on one or both countries, or on mankind generally by it.

With the first of these propositions we do not in the present instance feel inclined to deal, as it involves the question of the right which the British and the Anglo-Indian government had, or assumed to have, of at all entering, then diplomatically interfering with, or more properly speaking, invading, (for such is the *modus operandi* of our Eastern politicians,) and afterwards warring with the Scindian nation. Whether the English in Hindostan were wise in ever crossing the Indus, either for commercial or hostile purposes—whether justified by fears of western innovation, or forced to it in order to redress grievances and insults—to assist an ancient ally, or to place an infatuated and umbecile barbarian monarch on the throne of a kingdom, where he possessed neither the fear nor the affection of the people—are all matters of deep moment, intimately mixed up with this question, for which the government of Lord Auckland, and the instigators of the invasion by Lord Keane, have to answer; but which we have neither space nor inclination to discuss in this review. The disasters in Afghanistan are of too recent a date, and the wound inflicted on our national honour is still too fresh, to require much to be said as to the result of that most calamitous and ill-judged proceeding. The memory of our gallant countrymen who perished at Kabul and in the Kyber, where the snows of the mountains were their winding-sheets, and the wild winds of the desert their only mourners, is still green in our memories; while the effect of the destruction of our armies on the mind of a country where we exist but by the force of moral power, went nigh to shake the very foundations of our empire in the east. That the advance of the British towards the Persian frontier and our attempt to carry war into the centre of Asia, was a rash, unnecessary, and ill advised step, most men who have thought upon and examined into the history of India for the last ten years, are now thoroughly convinced; but that step once taken, the other the occupation of Scinde, became absolutely necessary. First, it was necessary to inflict such a just and wholesome chastisement on the authors of our late discomfiture, as would not only retrieve our national honour, but strike terror into the boasting hearts of the barbarian hordes with whom we dealt; then conduct by a safe retreat, our thinned and scattered bands back to the British provinces; and by a last, but a decisive blow, re-establish our position in the plains of Hindoostan. And this was effected in a masterly manner by the heroism, coolness, and unflinching courage of Sale, Pollock, and Nott.

At this juncture, however, another and most important military move was to be made, and precisely at that moment a change took place in the whole

management of India, by the recall of Lord Auckland and the appointment of Lord Ellenborough as governor-general. Here we must, however, digress to place before our readers the way in which we first gained a footing in Scinde—a footing which, though then (1838) unwarranted, it subsequently became necessary to maintain at all risks.

Scinde, the Egypt of the Indus, in ancient times peopled by a pagan race, the Dhurs or Sidaeers, was conquered by the Mahomedans of Damascus in the eighth century. Ten centuries later, the Persian Kalloras, a swarm of military fanatics, not unlike the Whabees of more modern times, overran that country, and retained it in whole or in part till 1770, when a tribe of the Talpoorees descended from their mountains in Beloochistan, and settled in the fertile plains of Scinde. These hardy, enterprising soldiers soon possessed such sway in the land, that they disputed for, and finally rescued the command of the country from the Kalloras—treachery and assassination being equally resorted to by both sides. About the year 1800, two brothers of the Talpoore family divided the kingdom, reigning under the titles of Ameers of Upper and Lower Scinde—the former at Kyrpoor, and the latter at Hyderabad; and the turban in both governments descended, not in the direct line of the sons, but to the eldest brother. The third capital of Scinde was Meerpoor. The Ameers once established in the sovereignty, soon called down more Belooches from the hills making them large grants of land on military tenure.

For the Belooch, it was indeed a conquest, resembling that of the Normans in England when Harold fell; for each chief was lord of the soil, holding it by military tenure, yet in this differing from his Norman prototype, that the Ameers could, and often did, deprive him of his Jagheere or grant from caprice. This precarious tenure stimulated his innate rapacity; and the Belooch is by nature grasping, and habitually an oppressor. He is a fatalist from religion, and therefore without remorse; an overbearing soldier without fear, and a strong-handed robber without shame, because to rob has ever been the custom of his race. Athletic, and skilled in the use of his weapons, for to the sword only, not the plough, his hand clutches 'he is known,' says his conqueror, 'by his slow rolling gait, his fierce aspect, his heavy sword and broad shield, by his dagger and matchlock. Labour he despises, but loves his neighbour's purse.' It was, however, only the Scindee and the Hindoo that he could plunder, for his own race of the hills were like himself in disposition, and somewhat more robust. He was, moreover, a turbulent subject, and often, chief and follower, menaced the Ameers, and always strived to sow dissensions, knowing well that in the time of commotion plunder would be rife and pay high.

The system of government was one leading inevitably and rapidly to self destruction; and it would seem as if the Ameers had the instinct of this truth; for they secured their persons by numerous slaves, being in the traffic of human beings, both exporters and importers, chiefly of Abyssinian blacks, whom they attached to their interests by manifold favours; and these men, called *Sidaeers*, (Seedees), served them with equal courage and devotion: to all others they were brutal tyrants, cruel and debauched. Their stupid selfish policy was to injure agriculture, to check commerce, to oppress the working man, and to accumulate riches for their own sensual pleasures. What are the people to us? was the foul expression of Noor Mohamed to Lieut. Eastwick. 'Poor or rich! what do we care, if they pay us our revenue;—give us our hunting-grounds and our enjoyments, that is all we require.' The most fertile districts were made a wilderness, to form their *shikargahs*, or hunting-grounds. Their Zenanas were filled with young girls torn from their friends, and treated when in the harem with revolting barbarity. In fine, the life of an Ameer was one of gross pleasures, for which the labour and blood of men were remorselessly exacted,—the honour and happiness of women savagely sacrificed!"

With this people, however, we had but little intercourse. In 1775, a British factory was established and maintained for some years at Taft, and in 1779, Lord Wellesley endeavoured to restore it, but the influence of Tipoo Sultan is said to have prevented it. Various treaties, chiefly of a commercial nature, or for the purposes of excluding the French and Americans, were made during the next thirty years; but of Scinde—its capabilities, fertility, and vast resources, no more than of its physical geography, or the facilities of the great highway of nations which passed through it—we knew but by report, till Sir Alexander Burnes, under pretence of carrying presents to Runjeet Singh entered the Indus in 1831; when said one of the inhabitants—"Alas! Scinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river which is the high-road to its conquest." The following season, Colonel Pottinger negotiated some commercial treaties, relating, for the most part, to the navigation of the river. From that period, it is manifest that the British, if they did not actually covet this fair kingdom, were at least determined on meddling with its political affairs; and an opportunity was not long in presenting itself; for Runjeet Singh—our ally—seeking occasion for warring with the Ameers—then also our allies!!—Lord Auckland seized that moment of trepidation and alarm for offering British protection, on condition of the Ameers admitting and paying a British force to occupy Hyderabad, and likewise receiving a political agent, who was to become permanently established in the capital. At this time although a certain degree of equality was understood to exist among all the princes of Scinde, yet the Ameers of Kyrpoor and Meerpoor acknowledged the Hyderabad family as the elder branch.

In 1838, the invasion of Afghanistan was decided on, ostensibly for the purpose of reinstating Shah Shoojah on the throne of that kingdom, and now Scinde became an object of vast importance to the proposers of that ill fated politico military speculation, so fraught with disaster and misfortune. Originally a province of the Mogul empire, Scinde became tributary to Kabool about the middle of the last century. This, however, from the instability and internal weakness of that government, had for a long time become a mere nominal dependency; yet a large arrear of tribute, and certain other rights being claimed by the deposed sovereign of Khoras-an, [The native name for Afghanistan] and in order to insure a passage for the British army across the country of the Indus, it was necessary to enter into other and closer diplomatic relations with the Ameers than had heretofore existed. For this purpose, a tripartite treaty was first concluded between the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the Anglo-Indian government, and Shah Shoojah. In the following paragraph, which we quote from a work written by some anonymous special pleader, for the purpose of decrying the government of Lord Ellenborough, and advocating the propriety of his recall, by the East India Directors, the condition of affairs, as they stood in February, 1842, is thus briefly laid before us:—

"The conclusion of this treaty, and the mode in which their interests were affected by it, were communicated to the Ameers by the British minister at Hyderabad, who was instructed, also, to announce the approach of the army intended to reseat Shah Shoojah on the throne of Kabool. A long course of diplomatic proceedings, varied by sundry hostile acts on the part of the British

government, too well known to require detail, here followed. These ended in the conclusion of new treaties, the effect of which was to add the Ameers to the number of princes over whom the British government held control, by the tenure of a subsidiary alliance."

We cannot now pause to discuss either the honesty or policy of these measures, nor inquire why the circuitous route through Scinde was chosen, instead of that through the Panjaub, the country of an ally, the Maharajah; neither can we debate the question relative to certain treaties said to have been broken by the English, concerning the transit of arms up the Indus; nor their interference with the Shikargahs, or hunting grounds of the Lords of Scinde. We have read a great deal, and in society we still hear many laments on this latter subject, and many warm invectives launched against the British, for their cruelty in depriving these poor princes of their game preserves. These expressions of sympathy show, however, but little knowledge of the true nature of the subject. Several of these Shikargahs bordered the Indus, and the cutting of fuel from these forests was expressly stipulated for, and, therefore, the British had as just a right to do so, as a railroad company to pass a "Great Western," or a "Great Southern," through an English gentleman's demesne. We are not prepared to dispute the right which the Ameers had of laying waste some of the most fertile and thickly-populated districts of their dominions, for the purpose of creating these preserves, and turning if they pleased, or their subjects submitted to it, the abodes of man into the haunts of savage beasts, even though (as in one instance we hear that it was) it was done for a child, then but eight years old!! They had just as good a right to have their hunting grounds as the English nobleman has to his deer park, or the Irish gentleman to his snipe bog. The question of their preserves was mooted much more at home and in the Indian press, than it ever was on the scene of action. The truth is—and this can be proved from the published parliamentary reports—these Shikargahs had little to do in the matter; the war with Scinde was, as it has been graphically described by its conqueror, but "the tail of the Afghan storm."

Lord Auckland is recalled, and in the beginning of 1842, the new governor-general arrives in Calcutta. Here it is necessary to advert to the condition which he found the country over which he was appointed to rule, and this condition has scarcely ever been attempted to be disproved. We shall quote two authorities on this subject, and first that to which we have already referred because written in avowed hostility to the measures of the late governor-general, its testimony is here of increased value:—

"In ordinary candour," says the writer of 'India and Lord Ellenborough,' "it must be admitted, that on the arrival of Lord Ellenborough in India, his situation was neither enviable nor easy. He found the long triumphant flag of England humbled by disaster and defeat. A vast army had been sacrificed without any countervailing advantage; isolated bodies of British troops still remained exposed to danger, while a number of unhappy captives were in the hands of a ruffian chief, on whose probable disposal of them no one could guess; the power of the British name had received a fearful diminution; the spirit of the army was shaken by the disasters which had overtaken their comrades, and the past and the future seemed alike involved in gloom."

"In the interior of India," writes General William Napier, in the work which forms the basis of this article, and which we are now about to analyse, "universal despondency prevailed; and such a terror of the Afghans pervaded the population, that it was scarcely possible to find resources for succouring the generals: of three hundred and fifty camels, sent in one convoy to General Pollock, three hundred and twenty were carried off in a single night by their drivers, who deserted, in fear, a day's march from Peshawar. The governor-general's secret plans were given to the newspapers by men in office; and a mischievous, ignoble spirit, the natural consequence of making editors and money-seekers the directors of statesmen and generals, degraded the public mind, and shed its baneful influence over the army. In Scinde, deep laid plans of hostility were on the point of execution. At Madras, several Sepoy regiments, smarting under a sordid economy, were discontented, if not in absolute mutiny. Actual insurrection existed at Saugur, and was spreading on one side to Bundelcund; on the other, along the Nerbudda, to Boorampoor. The ancient fear of England's power—that confidence in her strength which upholds her sway, was nearly extinguished; the Indian population, whether subjects of England, or of her allies and feudatories, especially the Mahomedan portion, desired and expected the downfall of her empire."

We should be diverted from the object of this critique were we to be led into the discussion of the question at issue between the late governor-general on the one hand, and the East India directors and the Anglo-Indian press on the other. When Lord Ellenborough undertook the government of India, it would appear that he either anticipated the co-operation and support of the Ameers of Scinde, or meditated their subjection to British rule; the first he solicited in the form of treaty conferring mutual benefits; this they obstinately refused, even though subsequently presented on the point of the bayonet—the latter, the conquest of Scinde, became from that moment a stern necessity.

For years past an under current of jealousy has been winding its way between the standing army and the army of diplomats. Heretofore we have ruled India chiefly by the latter—"smart young men who speak Persian," as they have lately been termed; and grieved we are that we should ever have had recourse to the valour of the former. By war, however, we lost cast in the Orient, and by war and conquest was that cast to be regained and peace restored—

"The Afghan war once kindled, that invasion once perpetrated, the safety of the troops engaged in it imperatively required that Scinde should continue to be occupied; that the treaties concluded with Lord Auckland should be loyally adhered to by the Ameers. To have abandoned Afghanistan ere victory had redeemed the character of British strength, would have been the signal for universal commotion if not of insurrection throughout India. The having abandoned it at all led to the Scindian war, which was an inevitable consequence of the flagitious folly of the first enterprise."

Lord Ellenborough proved the Ameers treacherous—guilty of hourly breaking existing compacts—stopping and robbing our *dawks* or mails—raising and organising an immense force for the purpose of falling on the army retreating from Afghanistan—intriguing with foreign princes hostile to the Farengees—entering into local compacts with one another to thrust the English out of Scinde and taking advantage of the general panic then abroad, to regain those positions at Kurrachee and elsewhere which had long before been ceded to, and were then occupied by the British; and in the words of one of their own manifestos, "to Kabool the British."

In this state of affairs we turn to our original assertion, that then the subjugation of Scinde either by strong and faithfully observed treaties, or the harsh alternative of conquest became indispensably necessary. Let us now

then examine into the means by which that conquest was achieved by our gallant countryman General Sir Charles Napier, to defend whom, and the policy of Lord Ellenborough, as well as to transmit to later ages a faithful record of this great enterprise, the work which heads this article has been written by the graphic, impartial, and accurate historian of the Peninsular war.

This work consists of two parts—the first treats of the political proceedings—the second, of the military operations in Scinde; and making all due allowances for a brother's zeal and affectionate prepossessions, and taking into consideration the circumstance of the book being written, as its author expressly tells us in his preface, for the purpose "of rebutting the factious accusations made against a successful general, in the hope of wounding through him, the nobleman under whose auspices he conquered a great and rich kingdom, and relieved a numerous people from a miserable state of slavery," which at times changes the tone of calm historical detail into that of personal invective, this able work is, we believe, a most faithful record, compiled from the most authentic sources.

As a literary production, it will be perused by all who admire the nervous, energetic style peculiar to this author, for the same vigour and graphic powers of description—the same force and aptitude of language—the sound logical reasoning—noble philanthropic sentiment—eloquence in expression, and poetry in thought, which characterised the "History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France," will be found in the pages of "The Conquest of Scinde."

With the first part, which has been published some months, we do not now intend to deal, further than the information derived from the previously quoted extracts requires. It commences with a brief historical memoir of the hero of Meeanee, which our countrymen will feel pride in reading; but this we shall also pass over, as we trust ere long to be able to present our readers with a more finished portrait of that illustrious Irishman.—[Remainder next week]

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It was an old lady who related to me the following incident. As it supplies evidence how strong a moral may be inculcated by a picture, I will endeavour to record it in her own simple words. When I knew her she was very aged; her sitting room was adorned by paintings, generally of the higher class; but sometimes the sentiment, the conception of a subject, was so superior to its execution, that I imagined she had more feeling than knowledge with regard to works of art. She moved about her apartment, leaning on the arm of her grand niece, and pointing out her favorite pictures by a motion of the large old fashioned fan that dangled from her arm: she was in truth a chronicle of the past—had sat to Sir Joshua when quite a child—and been the companion of West, and Opie, and Northcote, and all the great men of ancient times; seen David Garrick; and been patted on the head by Dr. Johnson; laughed at and with Oliver Goldsmith; and spoke of Queen Charlotte and George III. as a handsome young couple. She was both rich and benevolent, and, despite her age and the infirmity of deafness, she was the best physician that ever entered the close atmosphere of the pale student's chamber: the ease, and grace, and gentleness with which she developed truth, added to its beauty, but did not lessen its power. She was a sound critic—yet a kindly judge. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say of her, that her very look at ninety was inspiration!

Her general sitting room was in admirable keeping with its mistress; old chairs, old carvings, old china, old bits of tapestry—with here and there a drape of golden yellow—a cushion or chair covered by rich deep toned crimson velvet—and when the sun shone through a little painted window, illumining an angle of the apartment with its fine tints, it threw a sort of halo over these silent but sure indications of pure taste, and made the artist feel at once at home. Then the delight with which, when she found an attentive listener, she would draw forth from an old cabinet some cherished and exquisite miniature—the gem of her treasure house—and have a little tale to tell of everything she possessed. Latterly she had, as I said, become deaf; but this did not diminish the cheerfulness of her well toned mind, set her talking, and it was like a happy voice from the graves of those mighty ones who now live but in their works.

"You said, my dear madam, you would tell me the story of that picture yonder," I observed one evening.

"Ah, yes!" she replied; "that, my dear, was painted by a young man! Poor fellow, I shall never forget what old Northcote said to me about him; but that does not matter now. It was April—a few days before the pictures went in for exhibition to Somerset House, and I was sitting in this very chair, as I have done for the last five and forty years! About noon—when Nancy—(Ah, we have no such servants now a-days!)—Nancy told me that an artist, she was sure from the country, wanted to show me a picture. I admitted him immediately. He placed his production in the best light, and apologising briefly for his intrusion, stood opposite to that very picture which 'story,' as you call it, you wish to hear. Young men, my dear, in those days were more ambitious of painting than dressing, like Raffaele; they did not wear their hair over their shirt collars—cultivate a mustache, and scent of cigars; and yet I never saw any human being look more like a creature of glorious invent on than the poor pale boy—for he was little more—who painted 'The Unjust Judge.' His orb-like brow would have well become a crown of laurel; and though he was so singularly handsome, that for a few moments he was the picture upon which I looked, I felt sorry at heart for what was stamped upon his features.

"What?" I inquired.

"Death!" was the solemn reply.

The old lady rose from her seat, and taking the arm of her beautiful relative, who resided with her, tottered opposite to the picture. "Observe," she continued, "the hard stern countenance of the magisterial looking man, who, seated at the head of the table, has decided that the widow—the young widow of an old and faithful tenant—has no further claim on the land, which she imagined secured to her by virtue of a letter, the fragments of which are upon the ground. Observe the look of purse-proud satisfaction the new tenant casts upon the friendless woman, whose faded mourning evinces that she has no means to apply to a higher court. Note how full is the leathern purse he has ostentatiously placed upon the table; do you not see the convulsed clutching of the widow's fingers, as she stretches forth her hands to implore mercy where she might demand justice! the veins of her small white throat are distended by suppressed emotion; her eyes are heavy with unshed tears; and observe also how indignant the boy looks; he has just ceased to grasp the crape shawl that has nearly fallen from his mother's shoulders; his little fists are clenched, as much as to say, 'See how I will be revenged when I become a man!' The accessories also are well, yet not too strongly developed. The fat and insolent cat has driven the widow's timid little dog into a corner; his eyes in utter

helplessness are raised to his mistress's face, whose agony is too great to heed the distress of her puny favourite! I do not often look upon it," she added, returning to her seat, "though it conveys a fine moral; yet whenever I do, I turn my eyes into my own breast, lest I also may have been an unjust judge!"

The old lady paused, and her last observation found an echo in my heart. Great God! how true this is: how apt are we to sit in judgment on each other—how apt to pronounce sentence on a sister's frailty, on a brother's crime—without a knowledge of the temptations which led either to the one or the other; without even inquiring whether what we have heard be true or false! How outrageous we become if we are judged—how careless in judging!

"But the story!" I said at last. "It is not ended!"

"Hardly commenced," she replied, and then continued.

"I expressed my approbation in a few words, for the subject touched me. There were faults in the colouring; but the moral was so true that I saw at once the youth had the elements of high art within him. It is an admirable thing to do justice to nature, to copy faithfully the immortalities amid which we live; but it is still more glorious to embody the workings of the mind, to create, to lead as it were the inventive faculties of our fellow creatures into a higher world. The aversion of the unjust judge is stamped upon that face for ever, and the supplication of the widow seems bursting from her lips. After looking at it for some little time, I inquired what value he put upon his production. He said 'he had never thought of that, he only wished it to be exhibited.'"

"And why, then, did you bring it here?" His pale cheek flushed, while he replied "that he resided in Northumberland; was not acquainted with any one in London; and feared that if he sent in his picture it would not be exhibited, unless some one were good enough to speak for it; so that it might obtain a place—a place where it could be seen, particularly by one person."

"I told him I would purchase it. He thanked me; but that, he said, was not what he wanted. He wished it to be seen at the Royal Academy. He had heard that I knew a great many of its members. Would I, if I liked the picture, say a kind word for it to those who had power? His only wish was to see it hung where one person would be sure to see it. The request was so strange, the picture and the youth both so interesting, that I desired much to unravel the mystery. I soon gained the young man's confidence, and his story was quickly told.

His father had been one of those upright God fearing tillers of the soil from whom our greatest men have sprung. His life was the last in the lease he held of his land, but he had received a letter from his landlord promising, in case of his death, a renewal of it on the old terms. His father died, and in less than a week after his father's death, the landlord died also. His mother had so firm a dependence upon the letter, that she never thought of the lease: indeed, as the young man said, she was too much absorbed in her own grief to think of worldly matters, until a notice to leave what had been so long her home was served upon her. It was in vain she endeavoured to see the landlord: he would not admit her: she wrote—no notice was taken of her application. "Beaten down," he said, "by circumstances, she would sit day after day looking at a small defaced water-colour drawing of my father, which had been done by some itinerant artist, and seemed her only consolation. I was too young to share her griefs, but not to observe them; and I remember the desire I felt to make a picture like the one she loved, that it might be caressed by her. One morning she had been weeping bitterly; and urged as it were by some sudden resolution, she took my hand, and we walked together in silence to the hall, regardless of the rebuffs of the servants. My usually gentle mother forced her way into the squire's library, and discovered, what I afterwards knew she expected from the information she had received, her landlord in the very act of signing the lease that was to deprive us for ever of the cherished dwelling of our ancestors. Roused by a sense of his injustice, she placed before him the letter from his father to mine; in an instant he tore it into atoms, and flung it on the floor. Stung still more deeply, she clasped her hands and uttered a prayer of few words, but deep import, that he might never die until he acknowledged his injustice. Had I known how to curse, I would—boy though I was—have cursed him from my soul; but my mother had taught me nought but blessings. We returned home: she knelt opposite to where my father's picture hung, as if it had been a shrine, and poured out her soul to God in prayers for patience. I stood by her side. "Kneel with me," she desired. I obeyed—but she observed the stubborn spirit that roused within me, and while tears streamed down her cheeks, she made me repeat words which for the first time found an echo in my heart. The softness of the child had altogether departed from me. I felt as if my spirit had sprung at once into manhood. We arose from our knees, I put my hand in hers, kissed her cheek, and said, "Mother, do not weep, I will protect you." I shall never forget the music of the sweet blessings she poured upon me then, while hot, hot tears coursed each other down her cheeks. From that time I saw her weep no more, though I knew she wept. For me, I grew hard and stern. I shunned my playmates during the few days we remained in our old dwelling; I could neither eat nor sleep; my soul swelled with indignation and revenge. We left our pleasant dwelling; the shadow of the trees fell no more upon our paths; the hum of my mother's bees, which had been as the music of the sunbeams, sounded no more in my ears; the willow, planted by my father on my birthday, which had grown to be a tree while I was yet a child, no longer waved above my head. We lodged in a small room of a small house in a neighbouring village; a small clean room, furnished out of what seemed our abundance; the window sill crowded with plants such as my father loved—those perishable yet sweet records of affection. Our dog, our household friend, shared our exile; but even that I had little sympathy with; my mind was bent upon things above my reach, but not beyond my desires. My mother worked at her needle, and taught me all she knew, and every halfpenny I could procure, could earn—for I was no beggar—by little acts of usefulness, I laid out in purchasing paper and pencils. I did not know then what being an artist meant; but I knew that I should like to copy my father's picture, to draw the scenes of my early childhood, to depict the one particular scene that was burnt into my heart, to grow by some means to be rich and powerful, that so I might be revenged on the unjust judge. This last resolve I dared not impart to my mother, from a consciousness that it was one she would disapprove the most. And yet that man bought pictures and hung them on his walls; and people eulogised his liberality, and praised his taste; and that he had taste I cannot doubt, but he had no heart. "Is it not strange," inquired the young painter, "that a man can tell what is excellent on canvas, and have no appreciation for what is excellent in life; can understand what is natural when delineated by the painter's art; be touched by painted tears, and yet be utterly incapable of feeling and combining the sensations which spring from nature! Is not this most strange and contradictory!"

"I told him he would not think so when he had seen more of the world, and understood how many contending currents meet and struggle within the heart

of man. Perhaps you are already tired of the young artist's tale? I like, old as I am, to hear of struggles, of difficulties overcome, of mountains scaled by hardy enterprise, of seats upon their pinnacles; and I spoke words of hope to him, which fell like rain upon a fertile soil—for his mind was one large treasure house of poetry. And then he related much of the past: of his own privations he evidently did not think; but his mother's sorrows, lessened as they must have been by cheerful industry, and lightened by the knowledge of his innate talent, dwelt upon his memory. Yet he confessed to moments of most keen enjoyment; the calmness of the Sabbath evening, when the music of the bell had ceased, and the voice of the preacher, or the melody of the choral hymn, chanted by infant voices, mingled with the perfumed air; when the worship was over, and playing with a pencil, which his mother kissed him "not to use on Sunday," she read within her little room the scenes from Holy Writ, which, praised be God, have taught many painters the road to immortality! And, when obliged to labour in the fields, his eye drank in the magic hues of cloud and rainbow, sunshine and shadow; in truth, he said, the more he saw of nature the weaker grew his purpose of revenge towards "the unjust judge," the beauties of the beautiful world softened his spirit; but when he looked upon his mother's hands, hardened by labour, or saw her feeble frame bending with more than woman's weakness, his purpose revived, the agonising scene stamped upon that canvas rose before him, and as he grew older, he determined, "and that he lived to be a man," to do what you see he did accomplish. Several years before (for an artist's talent is long budding before it blossoms,) while his was yet in its infancy, the man who had acted so cruelly left his neighbourhood, and came to reside near London. He paid a visit to his property but once, and then offered his patronage to the boy artist he had so injured; by whom I am proud to say, it was indignantly refused. The gentleman was bitterly hurt at this, for he would have greatly enjoyed the notoriety of "bringing out" such extraordinary talent. How different from the warm and noble zeal which makes and bears the torch to light the path of genius! But I grow prosy, said my old friend, and will hasten onward: the desire of the young artist was, that his picture might be placed where it could be seen to advantage; he had grown out of the memory of his mother's persecutor, and had resolved to stand where he might watch by it to see the effect it would produce—not upon the world, but upon him whose injustice he had depicted with so powerful a pencil. "If," he said, "I could but see him change colour; if I could perceive the least indication that he felt the reproof; that the circumstance was recalled; that the power he had crushed into the dust had risen, and stood before him to reprove his injustice; if I could only make him feel, I should be satisfied; it is now all the revenge I covet."

"But his mother!" I inquired.

"She still lives," was the reply; and then my old friend informed me, that his (the artist's) resolution on this subject almost amounted to insanity; he fancied his picture would work a miracle; soften a hard heart; change the current of a man's blood; alter his nature. Like all those who live alone, and who judge of mankind from themselves, his information, his conception of human character, seemed as contracted as his imagination was vast and vivid; and, in addition to this, he was suffering from a constitutional sensitiveness, which made him far more susceptible than rational men are supposed to be.

"His picture went at the appointed time to the appointed place. I studiously kept the secret that the persecutor—the unjust judge—was intimately known to me; and feeling as I did the utmost anxiety for my young painter, I made him consider my house his home. But his spirit had all the restlessness of genius. As a boy at school counts the days, the hours, that must elapse ere he returns to his home, so did this creature—compounded as he was from the finest essences of our nature—count the moments until the academy would open. It was almost frightful to witness the fits of anxiety as to where the picture would hang—if it would have a good place—if it (perchance) might be killed by some glaring sunset, or saffron sunrise—when the artist, "mad with glory," deepens the hues wherein Almighty God thinks best to steep His landscapes. It was positively fearful, after such ague fits of care, to see the avidity with which he drinks in the inspirations poured by the old divinities upon their canvas. It was wonderful to observe how his mind, taught by nature, distinguished at a single glance the gold from the tinsel; and how he spurned whatever was counterfeit or poor. He would, after such excitement, return to his calculations touching his own picture. Sometimes depressed at its inferiority when compared with what he had just seen; at other times full of hope, calculating on the probable result—repeating the difficulties he had encountered—recalling the tears which stood trembling in his mother's eyes when some simple villager would express such natural wonder as to "how he learned it all!" Then he would picture the rich tyrant acknowledging his injustice, and confessing shame; calculate as to the probability of his picture, the first-born of his brain being extolled by the critics; portray his mother, her thin fingers trembling, and her emaciated form bent over the column where her son's name was marked with praise; hear her read his commendation, and then fall upon her knees in gratitude to God, remembering in the hour of triumph, as well as in the hour of sorrow, that it is He who gives or takes away as seemeth best. Then, poor fellow, in the fulness of his heart he would describe such pictures as he was to paint; he did not care for poverty—not he! he knew it well! he never could be as poor as he had been. He felt his power, like the infant Hercules strangling his foes without an effort—his fortune in his hand—his patent to immortality made out! He and his mother could live in a garret—ay, and die there! But he would make a name that would defy eternity—he would! Poor—poor fellow!" repeated my old friend mournfully; "and yet there was nothing boastful in this; it was pure enthusiasm."

"Those who had seen the picture here were delighted and astonished, and more than one assured me the placing would be cared for. I felt so convinced that the composition would stand upon its own merits, that I did not desire to lessen the dignity of my new favourite, by requesting as a favour what I felt he had reason to demand as a right. A foolish thought!" said the old lady, taking a fierce pinch of snuff—"a foolish thought for those who want to get on in the world, but a wise one for those who prefer the jewel of existence—self respect—to aught else."

"The first Sunday in May arrived, to be followed, of course by the first Monday. He sat with me till late, not here, but at Richmond, where I reside occasionally. He was looking out over the river, floating in the glory of the setting sun, speculating as usual about his picture, and the chance that by that time next night it would have been seen, and its merits acknowledged by its unconscious author, to whom he wished to show the moral of a picture. He was literally wild with hope, and excitement, speaking of his mother, wishing for her, and then saying what glory it would be to see some of those mighty masters of his art who had lived and moved among us. Like a young eagle, he panted for the rising sun, towards which he longed to soar. Poor, poor fellow!"

There was a pause, and I longed to hear what was to follow, yet feared to inquire.

"The next morning," she continued, "I ordered the carriage so early as to drive under the gateway at Somerset House about a minute before the hour at which the doors were open. There was the usual crowd—the earnest, intense looking students, some more pale than usual, others flushed by anxiety—mixed up with critics and poets, and persons wishful to be the first to see the nation-exhibition, whose quantity, quality, and arrangement indicate the nature, and progress, and power of British art. But few of the academicians were there, though one or two were recognised; and notwithstanding the density of the crowd, room was made for them, and a murmur ran, "Do you see Stothard?" or, "There is Westall;" or, "That's the young artist, Wilkie;" intimating the current of the people's thoughts. My young friend recognised me, bowed, and then the doors were opened. I saw him rush forward with the rest; and just as he was about to enter, he turned his face towards me: it was lit with a light which disappointment would quench in death. He waved his hat, and disappeared. I waited until the crush had entered, and proceeded to obtain a catalogue. It is marvellous how quickly a crowd disperses; all had passed up stairs. Suddenly my arm was pressed; I turned round; there stood the young painter, his face shorn of its beams, his whole aspect changed from that of a living man to an almost breathless corpse. He seemed rooted to the spot, while in a tone, the character of which I cannot describe, he muttered, "My name is not in the catalogue." There were doubtless many others that day doomed to the same disappointment—many who, perhaps, deserved the annual oblivion which overwhelmed the industry and hopes of the past year; but, unhappily, there were also many others who were condemned to the same suffering, merely because there was not space in wealthy England to display the treasures of that genius which confers honour upon the land that calls forth its existence. Many worn and anxious faces—many whose hearts were crushed—passed beneath that portal; yet I heeded but the one. I knew the boy could not survive it long. He had never anticipated its rejection, nor indeed had I. I insinuated there might be some mistake; but, easily depressed as excited, he only clenched between his hands the doom book of so many, and shook his head. I ordered the carriage to be recalled, and taking his arm, led him towards it. As we descended the steps, I felt him start and shudder. I looked up—the unjust judge stood before me! The coincidence was strange. On the instant I invited him to dine with me the next day in town; the invitation was accepted. My footman assisted the lad into the carriage as if he had been a child; he shrunk into the corner, his noble spirit totally prostrated by his disappointment, while he turned his face away to conceal the agony he had not deserved. I think," said the good old lady, "I suffered almost as much. After many efforts I succeeded in turning the current of his thoughts; I assured him the picture should be seen the next day, and he should witness the effect it produced. I insisted on his remaining entirely at my house; but he had been lessened in his own esteem, and suddenly his manners had become bold and severe. I let them remain so for a little; but, assured that nothing would so much relieve his overcharged heart as tears, when we were quite alone on the morning of the next day, I spoke to him of his mother, of the scenes of his youth, of her piety, her tenderness, her love; the boy conquered the Stoic—I left him weeping. I had undertaken a most painful task, but it was my duty to complete it."

"As the dinner hour advanced, I placed the picture, which I had reclaimed, in the best possible light, but drew a curtain, so as to shade it from observation till the time of trial arrived; the artist was in the room, and at last my guest came. After a few minutes had elapsed I arose, as I do now, and stood here, the painter remaining in the embrasured window. Suddenly I displayed the picture, and asked him what he thought of the story? "Do you read the story clearly, sir," I said; "perhaps, as it is mine, you will help me to a name for it? A widow, sir, a poor widow believed in her landlord's honor, and intrusted to him a promissory letter for the renewal of the lease which expired with the breath of her dead husband. You see her there; beauty and sorrow are mingled in her features. He has taken the letter; and behold you how men, ay, and rich men too, value their honour; its fragments are on the carpet—the weighty purse of the rich farmer has outweighed the woman's righteous cause. Can you name my picture, sir? Her child, her boy feels though he does not understand the scene: he has dropped his mother's shawl; his hands are clenched; if God spares him to be a man, he will devise some great revenge for that injustice." I thought the gentleman turned pale, and I knew that my young friend was crouching in his lair. "Look you, sir," I continued, "out of the pictured window: is not the landscape pleasant? the tree is remarkable; a famous tree in Northumberland; the—the—something elm. And within, as you observe, the accessories are well made out: the fierce cat pouncing on the little dog; the elk's horns stand out from the panelling; and the emblazoning of the shield and arms upon the wall—the arms are distinct—"

"Madam!" he exclaimed, in a voice hardly audible from agitation, and then paused.

"The scene took place," I continued, without heeding the interruption, "some ten or twelve years past. Is it not so Edward Gresham?" I added, appealing to the youth.

He came forward, pale, but erect in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and satisfied that the great object of his existence was attained.

Although I was much agitated, I saw the eagle eye of the artist look down the hurried glance which the unjust judge cast towards him, humbled as he was by the conscious shame that overwhelmed him. He was stricken suddenly by a poisoned arrow; the transcript of the unhappy story was so faithful, the presence of the youth so completely fastened the whole upon him, that there was no mode of escape; and his nature was too stolid whatever his disposition might be, to have any of the subtle movement of the serpent about him.

"And you," he said, turning away while he spoke; "you whom I have known for twenty years, have subjected me to this!"

"Do you acknowledge its truth, its justice?" demanded the young painter; "do you acknowledge the fidelity of my pencil? I have toiled, laboured, suffered, to show you your injustice in its true colours; but I see you, the proud landlord, turn from the orphan-boy whom, in open defiance of every righteous feeling, you sent homeless, fatherless, friendless, upon the world. I see you cannot meet my eye for shame. Ay, ay, proud gentleman, that will live when you, ay, and I too, are in our narrow graves!"

"I offered you reparation," said the landlord, overpowered by the energy of the painter and the truth of his picture; "I offered you reparation."

"You offered me patronage!" retorted the indignant boy; "insult with injury."

The landlord turned to me; he was greatly agitated. "Has the patronage

I have extended to many, madam, even within your knowledge, been injury?" he inquired.

I could not but acknowledge that he had purchased many pictures; and replied his collection would prove that he highly appreciated art.

"I will," he added, "even now give him any sum he chooses to name for that picture."

"It is sold," replied the artist.

The old gentleman's countenance changed; he walked up and down the room; once or twice he paused and looked at the sad history, which he would then have given much to obliterate.

"I confess," he said, "the faithfulness of the portraiture; but there were palliating circumstances. Still, I confess I acted wrong—I confess it! I will make retribution; we cannot tell what our acts may produce."

"Injustice," said the youth calmly, "is the parent of misery to the injured and the injurer; it was a cruel act, setting aside its treachery; it was a cruel act, God can judge between thee and me! My mother, a delicate fragile woman, myself almost an infant; and your father's promise, sir, your own father's promise that you scorned; oh sir, how could you sleep with the consciousness of such injustice haunting your pillow?"

"You have your revenge, young man, your revenge," murmured the gentleman; "I acknowledge my injustice; I will make reparation."

"You cannot cancel the past, my mother's years of suffering, my own of labour; but enough I see you feel I have conquered; my feeble hand has sent conviction to your heart: and I—!" He staggered to a chair, and became more pale than usual. I thought he was dying, but it was not so; the heart does not often give way in the moment of triumph—for it was a triumph. I must do the landlord justice: he repeated his regret, he even entered into the young man's feelings, and commended his art; he did all this, and the next morning remitted me a large sum "as a debt due by him to those he had injured."

How apt are the rich to think that money can heal all wounds. My poor young friend only survived sufficiently long to see his mother, though but for half an hour. It was almost in vain that, kneeling by his bedside, she implored him to think of the world to come. He believed he was too young to die.

"I triumphed, mother, I triumphed," he repeated, his eyes glittering with unnatural brightness; "I triumphed; I made his heart quail and his cheek blanch, and he begged my forgiveness; but it was altogether too much for me; first the disappointment, and then the triumph; it fermented my brain, though I found another mother who taught me that the just and the unjust are mingled together; but now that turmoil is past, you are with me—really, really with me. I will sleep on your bosom, my own mother, as I used when a little child, and to-morrow I will tell you all I mean to do."

"Then all is peace," she murmured.

"Ay, mother, all is triumph, and peace, and love," he replied. "I wonder how I could have hated him so long." He laid his head down with the tranquillity of a sleepy infant, and it was in vain she tried to repress the tears that fell upon the rich luxuriance of his hair—he felt them not.

"He has slept more than an hour," she whispered me. I saw he would never waken. I could not tell her so, but she read it in my face. It was indeed a corpse she strained in her arms, and long, long was it ere she was comforted. I never saw my old acquaintance afterwards; but he requested, as I would not yield him up the picture, that I would never suffer it to pass from my possession, or mention his name in connexion with it. He died many years ago, and proved his repentance by providing, in a worldly point of view, for her who had been so long the victim of his injustice.

LUCERNE.

We copy the following from the foreign correspondence of the *London Athenæum*, dated June, 1845:—Lucerne has been recently the scene of such violence, and has occupied so much public attention, that perhaps a few particulars I have gathered on the spot may not be without interest. I had just crossed St. Gothard, and was seated in my inn at Fludlen, when the first intelligence I heard was, that Dr. Steigen had escaped from prison the day before, with his three guards. Every one knows, of course, who Dr. Steigen is—that he was one of those who most strongly expressed their opinions and exerted their influence against the Jesuits, in the late disturbances at Lucerne; and that the cantonal council has from that time to this been discussing in what manner to visit his illegal interference. He had, however, I now was told, solved the difficulty himself, and taken refuge in Zurich, where he has been received with open arms—people crowding from all parts to see and congratulate him, and fires being lighted on the mountains of the adjoining cantons to celebrate or announce his escape. All this is very ominous of the state and strength of public opinion, and shows that the constitutional order may for the moment have triumphed. There yet exists a strong feeling on the subject of these events, which will not probably be content without seeking another occasion for its expression. On steaming up the lake, which reflected on its surface all the varied and beautiful features which distinguish its banks, and arriving at the quiet little town, it was difficult to believe that it had of late been the scene of so much violence. The honest simple-minded republicans were strolling sluggishly through their streets, smoking their huge pipes as unmoved, and, apparently, as immovable as the mountains which surrounded them—their faces betraying no expression of any inward thought or feeling; and one might have been almost pardoned for doubting the truth of the statements which have been in circulation. But a morning's stroll put all doubt to flight:—on the bridges I discovered new gates, with loopholes, as if prepared to give another deadlier illustration of the Dance of Death, which a pupil of Holbien has represented in a series of paintings above the bridge. New defences had been placed around, and loop-holes cut in the arsenal, which, after some appearance of hesitation, I was permitted to see. The arsenal of a small district like Lucerne can of course have nothing in it very important to engage attention; still, it has its objects of interest in some mementos of the battle Sempach—the armour of the Archduke of Austria, who was killed in the battle, and the iron-spiked collars which he brought to put round the necks of the burgomaster and the Swiss soldiers, which he had in imagination conquered, as also two cannons and a number of guns, taken from the "Corps Francs" in the late engagement, and a number of long spiked clubs—most deadly looking weapons—which were distributed amongst the peasantry in default of other weapons. Rambling along through the streets, passing the house of Dr. Steigen, and the tower in which he had been confined, I arrived in front of the Staadt House, and hearing that the cause of some of the Lucerne prisoners was to be this day decided, I entered. What was my surprise on passing the guard to perceive the prisoners walking about at large, and conversing freely with every one who passed. Those

whom I saw, with one or two exceptions, were mere boys, who, judging from their manner and appearance, might have given rise to the idea that they had engaged in the disturbance as a mere *spree*—an erroneous judgment, however, it would undoubtedly have been, as the Swiss have too much lead of prudence to admit of their being hurried precipitately into an affair. It was evident, however, from the poor fellows' manner, that they were mightily pleased with being noticed, and, on our addressing them, crowded around us, and readily gave us any information they could. They had fled from the field of battle, they told us, for four hours, when they were taken by the peasantry; even the women, in many cases, in parties of from 10 to 20, aiding in securing the fugitives. What will be their fate of course I cannot tell you, but as they are subjects of this government, they will undoubtedly be dealt with a little more severely than the other prisoners, who were all bought off by the governments of their respective cantons—another proof, by the bye, of that love of money which any one who knows Switzerland must acknowledge to be such a characteristic of the people. From the Staadt House we went to visit the property which had been granted to the Jesuits, and which had been so connected with the late dispute. It consisted of some buildings which were undergoing extensive alterations and repairs, to fit them for schools, and one or two churches, in one of which had been lately confined from 300 to 400 prisoners; but I should think it more than probable that such repairs will not be completed, as in the evening a gun and a general huzza announced that the elections had terminated in favour of what is here called the liberal party. Now, as the funds of the institutions handed over to the Jesuits are in the gift of the council, and the council elected this day proves to be liberal, it is more than doubtful, perhaps, whether the grant will be renewed. Time, however, will show. The last spot I visited was the field of battle—a lovely spot on an eminence above the Basle Road, on the outskirts of the town. The sun was setting at the time I visited it, gilding the summits of Righi and Pilatus; and the other mountains, which rear their lofty fronts above the lake and below the town, appeared to be sleeping in the most imperturbable tranquillity. Scarcely could the eye gaze on a more lovely spot—or a less unlikely or inappropriate one be chosen for deeds of blood; and yet, two short months only from the present time, some thousands were fighting away with all the acrimony and desperation of civil contention. The spot abounds with trees, which offered fine cover to the riflemen, who did murderous work. 300, it is said, fell on the side of the Corps Francs, and 20 only on the side of the Lucernes—a statement which it is believed falls greatly below the truth. The majority were buried where they fell, and many were thrown or rolled into the Reuss, which rushes furiously along the bottom of the hill. It was now evening, and I returned to my hotel, having visited pretty nearly all the spots to which recent events have given so melancholy an interest. It appears that, on the very night before the combat, the council had been discussing the prudence of abdicating; but that the sudden arrival of the riflemen of Uri and Unterwalden removed all doubt. Let no one imagine, however, that the affair is yet decided: it is true, that the conduct of the Corps Francs is generally blamed as unconstitutional, and as offering a dangerous precedent; yet the feeling against the admission of the Jesuits to any participation in the education of the youth of Switzerland is general and strong; and there is an increasing party which may be termed Young Switzerland, who are in favour of a centralization of the government. "Why," I have heard it said, "should one canton have it in its power to resist the rest of Switzerland? The present question is not a cantonal one, but one in which the whole federation is interested: were the Jesuits already planted here it would be different. We are treating, however, of the introduction of *mauvaise herbes* into the land, which will spread their noxious influence through the whole of the republic." Whatever may happen ultimately, there can, I think, be no danger for the present; certainly not for any of my countrymen who may be desirous of visiting these lovely scenes. Many families have returned to England by the Splügen Pass, so as to avoid Lucerne; and loud are the complaints, consequently, on the part of those who depend upon the foreigners for their existence. There cannot, however, be any reasonable cause of fear; and for myself, I crossed as usual the St. Gothard, and passed through Lucerne, without dreaming of taking any other direction. "We have too much to do and lose at present," said some thrifty Swiss to me the other day, "to think of revolution, but we cannot answer for what may happen when the harvest is over and winter sets in." May good counsels guide them.

THE MISSION; OR, SCENES IN AFRICA.

Written for Young People. By Capt. Marryat, 2 vols. 12mo. Longmans.

In the literary vocation which Capt. Marryat has recently adopted, for the instruction of the young in the pleasantest manner, and not forgetting much to inform and interest their seniors, he has not done any thing superior to the *Mission*. Its simple narrative style, and its Daniel-de-Foe-like verisimilitude, carrying the reader through all the scenes with the ease of an ambling steed; and at the end he finds that his amusement is attended by a very clear notion of the interior of South Africa its geography, its people, its natural history, its habits, and its adventures for European explorers. By means of an interesting framework, the author superadds an English and humane feeling; for the mission is in search of the descendants, if any, of a young lady of good family, wrecked among the unfortunate sufferers in the Grosvener East Indian. To satisfy her father on this doubtful and painful subject, Alexander Willmot traverses Caffraria, in company with Mr. Swinton, an enthusiastic naturalist, and Major Henderson, an equally enthusiastic hunter. Having thrown them into the field, Capt. Marryat, from many publications on the Cape, puts skilfully together the story of their marches, troubles, giraffe-pursuits, lion fights, affairs with natives, &c. &c., and thus combines into one panoramic view a striking picture of the country, from Cape Town deep into the interior.

It is not easy to illustrate a production of this kind; but we will detach a few passages to show the baldness of a mere notice.

"You are well aware how long and strong are the thorns of the mimosa (or camel tree, as the Dutch call it, from the giraffe browsing upon it), and how the boughs of these trees lie like an umbrella, close upon one another. A native chief informed me, that he witnessed a lion attacking a giraffe. The lion always springs at the head or neck, and seizes the animal by that part, riding him, as it were. The giraffe sets off at full speed with its enemy, and is so powerful as often to get rid of him; for I have seen giraffes killed which had the marks of the lion's teeth and claws upon them. In this instance the lion made a spring; but the giraffe at that very moment turning sharp round, the lion missed his aim, and by the blow it received was tossed in the air, so that he fell upon the boughs of the mimosa on his back. The boughs were not only compact enough to bear his weight, but the thorns that pierced through his body were so strong as to hold the enormous animal where he lay. He could

not disengage himself; and they pointed out to me the skeleton on the boughs of the tree, as a corroboration of the truth of the story.

"They rose early the next morning, and leaving the wagon where it was again proceeded on horseback in search of the giraffes. They rode at a slow pace for four or five miles before they could discover any. At last a herd of them were seen standing together browsing on the leaves of the mimosa. They made a long circuit to turn them and drive them towards the camp, and in this they succeeded. The animals set off at their usual rapid pace, but did not keep it up long, as there were several not full grown among them which could not get over the ground so fast as the large male of the preceding day. After a chase of three miles, they found that the animals' speed was rapidly decreasing, and they were coming up with them. When within a hundred yards Alexander fired, and wounded a female which was in the rear. The Major pushed on with the dogs after a large male, and it stopped at bay under a mimosa, kicking most furiously at the dogs. The Major levelled his rifle, and brought the animal down with his first shot. It rose again, however, and for a hundred yards went away at a fast pace; but it again fell to rise no more. The female which Alexander had wounded received another shot, and was then also prostrated. 'I have killed a giraffe,' said the Major, standing by the side of the one he had killed; 'it has been a long way to travel, and there have been some dangers to encounter for the sake of performing this feat; but we have all our follies, and are eager in the pursuit of just as great trifles through life; so that in this I am not perhaps more foolish than the rest of mankind. I have obtained my wishes—I have killed a giraffe; and now I don't care how soon we go back again.' 'Nor I,' replied Alexander; 'for I can say with you, when we arrive in England, I too have killed a giraffe; so you will not be able to boast over me. By Swinton's account, if we stay here much longer, we shall have to kill Matabili, which I am not anxious to do; therefore I say with you, I don't care how soon we go back to the Cape.'"

The bushmen carry away their oxen, and are pursued and overtaken; and we conclude with a portion of the account.

"Having travelled till dark, they halted under a hill, and were soon afterwards joined by a party of bushwomen, who continued with them in spite of all their attempts to get rid of them. They were very small in person, well made and the young were rather pretty in their features: but their ornaments were enough to disgust any one but a Hottentot; for they were smeared with grease and red-ochre, and were adorned with the entrails of animals as necklaces. The Hottentots, however, appeared to think this very delightful, and were pleased with their company; and as the women showed them a pool of water, where the oxen could drink, it was not considered advisable to drive them away. But Swinton observed, that it would be necessary to keep a very sharp lookout, as the women were invariably sent by the bushmen as spies, that they might watch the opportunity for stealing cattle. They now resumed their former plan; starting at a very early hour, and travelling till afternoon, when the cattle were allowed several hours to feed, and were then tied up for the night to the wagons. Indeed, the lions were now not so numerous as they had been, and they had more to fear from the bushmen and the hyenas, which were very plentiful.

"The next day fully proved the truth of this; for the oxen, having been unyoked as usual to feed, about two o'clock in the afternoon, had been led to a hollow of luxuriant pasture by the cattle-keepers, where they could not be seen from the caravan although they were not half a mile off. Towards dusk, when it was time to drive them in and tie them up to the wagons, it was found that the cattle-keepers, who had been in company with the bushwomen, had neglected their charge, and they were not to be found. The keepers came running in, stating that a lion had scared the cattle, and that the animals had galloped off to a great distance. But Omrah, who had gone to where the cattle had been feeding, returned to the camp and told Swinton that it was not lions, but bushmen, who had stolen them; and bringing the horses ready saddled to the Major and Alexander, said, that if they did not follow them immediately, the cattle would be all killed. It was also observed that the bushwomen had all disappeared. Swinton, who was well aware of the customs of the bushmen, immediately proposed that they should mount as many as they could, and go in chase, as there was not an hour to be lost. In half an hour a party, consisting of our three travellers, Bremen, Omrah, and three of the most trusty of the Hottentots, who were all that they could mount, set off in the direction which they knew must have been taken so as to conceal the cattle from the sight of those in the caravan; and it being a fine moonlight night, the keen eyes of Omrah tracked them for more than five miles, where they were at fault, as the traces of their hoofs were no longer to be seen. 'What shall we do now?' said the Major. 'We must trust to Omrah,' replied Swinton; 'he knows the habits of his people well; and they will not deceive him.' Omrah, who had been very busy kneeling on the ground and striking a light every now and then with a flint and steel, to ascertain the tract more distinctly, now came up and made them comprehend that the bushmen had turned back upon the very track they had gone upon, and that they must return and find where they diverged from it again. This created considerable delay, as they had to walk the horses back for more than a mile, when they again found the footing of the cattle diverging from the track to the southward and eastward, in the direction of some hills. They now made all the haste that they could, and proceeded so rapidly on the track, that in about an hour they perceived the whole herd of oxen driven up the side of a hill by a party of bushmen. They put spurs to their horses and galloped as fast as they could in pursuit, and soon came up with them; when a discharge of rifles left three bushmen on the ground, and put all the rest to flight. The cattle, which were much frightened, were with some difficulty turned and driven back towards the encampment. In the mean time the disappointed bushmen had turned upon those near, and were letting fly their arrows from the bushes in which they were concealed, and continued thus to assail them till the party arrived at the open plain. One of the Hottentots was wounded by an arrow in the neck; but that was the only accident which occurred to any of the party and this was not known to our travellers until their arrival at the encampment, when it was almost daybreak; and then, tired with the fatigues of the night, all were glad to obtain a few hours' rest. When they rose the next morning, Swanevelt informed them that nine of the oxen were so wounded with the poisoned arrows of the bushmen that they could not live; and also that Piets the Hottentot had been badly wounded in the neck with one of the arrows. Swinton immediately ordered the man to be brought to him, as he was well aware of the fatal effects of a wound from a bushman's arrow. It appeared that Piets had pulled the arrow out of his neck, but that some pieces of the barb had remained in the wound, and that these his companions had been extracting with their knives, and the wound was very much inflamed in consequence. Swinton immediately cut out as much of the affected part as he could, applied ammonia to the wound, and gave him laudanum to mitigate the pain, which

was very acute; but the poor fellow lay groaning during the whole of the day. They now examined the wounded oxen, which were already so swollen with the poison that there were no hopes of saving them, and they were immediately put out of their pain. Several others were found slightly hurt, but not so as to lose all hopes of their recovery; but this unfortunate circumstance prevented them from continuing their journey for two days; as the whole of the oxen had been much harassed and cut by the bushmen, although not wounded by poisoned arrows. During this delay, the poor Hottentot became hourly worse; his head and throat were much swollen, and he said that he felt the poison working within him. After many hours of suffering, during which swellings appeared in various parts of his body, the poor fellow breathed his last; and the next day being Sunday, they remained as usual, and the body of the unfortunate man was consigned to a grave. This event threw a cloud over the whole caravan; and whenever any of the bushwomen made their appearance at a distance, and made signs that they wished to come into the camp, an angry bullet was sent instantly over their heads, which made them take to their heels."

As usual, in this class of writing, with Captain Marryat, he has interspersed some excellent moral reflections and religious precepts; and the whole is written in a spirit to impress the mind with lessons of goodness and humanity.

WHAT BECAME OF JEAN BLACKEMAN.

BY FLEXIBLE GRUMMET.

My last paper left me joyously at rest in the dwelling of that prince of smugglers, Daniel F—, at Deal, and though my dreams were somewhat confused, through mingling past occurrences together, yet every time I awoke, the conviction that I had escaped from a French prison and death, and was then in Old England, soothed my mind, and calmed its agitation. It is a sweet sensation that fills the heart to find that after encountering the utmost peril, and suffering severe hardships, one is again safe on the shores of his native land; though even then doubts and fears will arise as to the welfare and happiness of those from whom we have been long separated. I thought of my home, my parents, my kindred, and perhaps above all, my affections rested upon the remembrance of a dear creature whom I ardently loved, and whom I believed experienced a strong attachment for me. During my life I have almost invariably found that where young men cherish a proper and sincere regard for the other sex, it acts as a powerful inducement to persevere in the line of duty, and operates as a strong preventive to restrain from that which is wrong. But this esteem ought not to be of a light and frivolous nature; neither should it engross every feeling and purpose of the heart; for either of these is calculated to do mischief and retard the progress of improvement. Honour and love combined together stimulate and encourage, whilst bravery, prompted by beauty, elevates and ennobles all the best impulses of intrepid daring. I have felt this myself; I have witnessed it in thousands; and many, if not all, who read this, will doubtless recal to memory similar results to themselves and others.

Dear woman, too, may fully depend on the truth of these observations; and therefore they should be deeply sensible how much of the future misery and happiness of their admirers,—aye, and their own, too,—rests with themselves. I am now an old man, and can unhesitatingly speak of the many wrecks of hope and enterprise that have been caused by female thoughtlessness and folly. Firtis have been known to crush the aspirations of genius and courage. Coquettes have driven the ardency of youth to untimely graves, and unfaithfulness has wrought fearful havoc, in producing unbridled licentiousness or despondency, which has destroyed all the finer sentiments that ought to actuate the spirit. But to resume.

The warm rays of the morning sun came streaming through the windows when I shook off my slumbers, and arose greatly refreshed by the sleep I had obtained, and the repose afforded to my weary limbs. I looked out upon the Downs, and beheld the proud emblems of England's glory rolling in the tide-way; and they suggested to me that it was necessary I should come to some decision as to my future course. I felt aware that my first step should be waiting upon the Admiral, and reporting my escape and arrival; but I had no uniform nor any document to establish my identity, and I was apprehensive that it would be required of me to betray the smugglers.—a thing I was most decidedly resolved upon not to do, as, but for them, unwilling as they were to receive me, I might still have been on board the Frenchman's lugger. I had money enough, and to spare, that would have enabled me to hasten to my friends, and must confess my desires were eager enough to set out, but still I could not conceal from myself that this would be contrary to the routine of etiquette, by which it was optional with the Admiral either to send me immediately on board the guard ship, or otherwise, grant me leave of absence.

Whilst thus undecided I descended to the lower apartment, where I met with an agreeable disappointment. My early services had led me very little among the haunts of smugglers; but from what I had read of them, they were pictured to my imagination as a gang of reckless desperadoes, who lived in the caves of the rocks.—a sort of wild men, almost savages, and totally unacquainted with the customs and decencies of civilised life. I was, therefore, rather more than surprised to find an extremely handsome parlour, elegantly furnished, and two fine young women, fashionably arrayed in morning costume, and apparently as well versed in all the essentials to gentility as if moving in the higher spheres of life,—these were Daniel's daughters; his sons followed the contraband profession of their father. The girls seemed rather proud of the display they could make, and watched me pretty narrowly whilst my breakfast was served up in massive silver and splendid old china; and the fare, I can tell you, was such as a Midshipman did not in those times set his eyes on every day. Daniel seldom made use of this parlour himself,—he had his own small room, in which he could enjoy his pipe and his grog with his friends,—but he was, nevertheless, highly flattered by the display he could make, and, looking in at the door, he expressed much satisfaction at seeing me so comfortably circumstanced.

I was about to communicate to him the embarrassment under which I had been labouring, when he saved me the trouble by saying,—

"You will have to report yourself, young gentleman, though if you like to remain where you are, to-morrow will do for the Admiral as well as to day."

"But how shall I acquaint him with the mode of my conveyance hither?" inquired I. "He will, no doubt, question me; and I am determined not to repay your kindness with ingratitude."

"I like to see such chaps as you grateful," said Daniel, as I thought somewhat distrustfully. "Of course a Midshipman will be tolerated when he sets himself up in opposition to his Commander-in-Chief! and refuses to break his word of honour. Besides, you were not over gently dealt with in the craft,—and might be tempted, you know—eh?—you understand me?" and he looked archly and knowingly in my face.

I truly felt the awkward position in which I must be placed, and was rather piqued with this mode of telling me I should be looked upon as "nobody" by the Admiral—it served to lower me in my own estimation, and, what was worse, I feared it might have a stronger effect on the minds of the females. I was about to bristle up and resent this language, when all three burst out laughing at me. This was greater provocation still, and—

"Sir," said I, "your hospitality demands my thanks. I sensibly esteem it. I highly value it. But, Sir,—there is a way, Sir, to cancel every sense of obligation, Sir,—I—"

"Would be compelled to reveal all that has passed to the Admiral," responded he, "and an old man's joke would make you forget all about gratitude and that sort of thing. But never mind, neither you nor I shall get into trouble about this. The Flag Officer knows of your arrival. I have already had the honour of announcing it to him, whilst you was snoring in your hammock; so if the girls can persuade you to stay all day, you're quite welcome; and perhaps you may swear your gratitude over and over again to them—eh? Or I am thinking that probably it would be most advisable to go and see the old boy at once, and then come back and remain here till the tailor has cut you out a new suit of sails; so give us your hand, my young friend,"—and he shook it heartily,—"there's no fear of your being questioned at all; or if any of the officers should ask you about the trip, why the less you say, it will be so much the better. Good bye—only mind, I shall expect you back again here to dinner." The ladies joined in the request for me to return, and all anger dying away, I gave a promise, and walked down to the signal station on the beach, where the Admiral was at that moment seated in a large arm chair, and watching the progress of telegraphing to the flag-ship. He was an amazingly corpulent man, but with a countenance evidencing great goodness of heart; it was indeed a face of fat contentment and good humoured pleasantry that seemed to set care at defiance. His Flag Captain and several other officers stood near to him, so that I saw I should have some difficulty in getting by his side; even my French dress seemed to attract but little attention, and I might have remained lingering about for a length of time, had not the Admiral beckoned to some one at a distance amongst the boats; and the next minute old Daniel F—walked up to the veteran, hat in hand. They conversed for a short time together, and then the ancient smuggler made the signal for me to advance, which I instantly obeyed, and was received with much courteousness by the Commander-in-Chief.

"So, Mr. Grommet," said he, "you have got away, have you?" I bowed. "Ay, ay—all right, I hope—no parole broke—eh?" I assured him there was not; for I felt myself entirely released from my word, on account of the treatment I had received from the gens-d'arme. "Very good, very good," continued he, "Daniel tells me you have a strange tale to tell. I know a little about it, you see; and should be glad to hear the remainder. Queer fellows the French." He turned round to an officer who had just arrived on the beach. "Here, Capt.—, is an old acquaintance of yours; he is under French colours now but I dare say you will recollect him." I faced the individual addressed—it was the Commander of the 10-gun brig I belonged to when captured, but now wearing an epaulette on the right shoulder as a Post-Captain. The recognition was pleasing and gratifying to both; my superior seized my hand, and after a few inquiries, cordially congratulated me upon my escape; and as he now had command of a frigate, he offered me a rating as Master's Mate, provided I wished to sail with him again. This I at once accepted, but solicited leave to visit my friends and renew my sea stock, which was promptly granted, under the sanction of the Admiral.

The circumstances of my escape from France becoming generally known, I was very soon surrounded, and had to endure a running fire of inquiries, that at times greatly puzzled me; but I gave them a brief outline of my adventures, without entering fully into particulars, and which appeared to elevate me considerably in their estimation, though one or two questioned the liberality and humanity of quitting my people. I could have well satisfied them on this score, but deemed it best to say nothing, or at least but little as to the real cause.

"You will dine with me to-day, youngster," said the Admiral. "Never mind your dress—we must make all due allowance for that. I have been talking to Capt. — about you, and am happy to find that he speaks highly of your character. You shall have the rating, and leave too; and," he added, in a lower tone, "if my interest can be of any service, you shall have it to procure you the next step. Good morning."

It may be supposed that I was much delighted with my interview and reception, which, in a very short space of time, had placed matters *en train* for my continuing in the Service; and how old Daniel could be so familiar with the Admiral was a source of surprise that was not explained till several months subsequent, when I ascertained that he had been engaged in collecting information on the opposite coast, that had proved very advantageous in promoting the measures of the Government against the enemy. I returned to the old smuggler's house, and having provided myself with a suit of plain clothes, I waited anxiously for five o'clock, the Admiral's dinner hour, and, punctual to the moment, entered the dining-room, where my own Captain and several other officers of both Army and Navy formed the guests at table. At first there was much of stiff formality, but this gradually wore off—the wine circulated freely, conversation was enlivened with laughable anecdote, and each one at length fully enjoyed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." During the dessert I was called upon to repeat my strange eventful history, which I did without disgrace, merely concealing Blakeman's name, though it was pretty well known who the individual alluded to was. The narrative was listened to with great attention, though many looked incredulous, as if I was spinning a tough yarn to deceive or amuse them.

We broke up early, and once more I slept at Daniel's residence; but having on the following day been entered on the ship's books, and obtained a fortnight's leave, I quitted his truly hospitable abode, travelled by coach to the metropolis, and from thence, in a chaise, to the home of my infancy. And oh! how my heart glowed when the sound of the bells of my native village came upon my ears; it spoke a language that revived reminiscences of my boyhood, and repeated many a tale of endearing tenderness and parental love—next to the voice of my mother, their music had made a first impression on my childish mind.

The conveyance stopped at the inn, where I was immediately recognised and heartily welcomed; and here it was that I made inquiries after my family, and received information that they were all well; but supposing I was dead, had gone into mourning. I wrote a note to my father, but almost instantly cancelled it, and sent the landlord to say a person was desirous to see him at the Crown on particular business; and, that he might not be taken by sudden surprise, the fact of its being revealed to him as to who I really was, was to take place during their walk.

I shall say but little of our meeting—it was delightful in the extreme, and, with the tears gushing from his eyes, did my honoured father hold me at arms' length, to gaze at my features and then clasp me to his heart. We went together to the house, and while he prepared my mother to receive me, I looked round at each well remembered spot; and a thrill of ecstasy passed through my frame when I heard the voice of my maternal parent demanding, "Where is he—where is he?" and the next instant was folded in her warm embrace. That evening was indeed a happy one, nor was my joy lessened by the circle being extended to the fair girl I loved.

My fortnight passed rapidly away; the hours seemed to have flown like minutes, and I would have gladly seen the time lengthened, but a sense of duty prevented my applying for further leave, nor would I resort to the trick of a sick certificate to procure its extension. A note from Capt. — informed me that the frigate was at Sheerness, and I joined her there without delay; and two days afterwards received an order to repair to the Admiral's Office and take up my commission as Lieutenant of the same ship. This, I felt confident, was through the application and recommendation of the Admiral in the Downs, and to him I tendered my warm gratitude for the kind interest he had taken in my welfare. Of course I had to get new uniforms; but my excellent father made no complaint; he was delighted at my promotion, and I trusted that after a few months I should put him to no further expense—nor did I, as we sailed for the Mediterranean, and captured several valuable prizes, that fully enabled me in future to rely upon my own resources; and at the short peace which took place, I found my half-pay and my private income quite adequate to all my wants.

I was very desirous to visit Dunkirk, that I might see my old friend Blackeman, with whom I had corresponded through old Daniel's means, but was deterred by the apprehension that something might happen to place me in jeopardy, through the transactions that had occurred; and, in fact, he himself had recommended me to remain away. Nevertheless, I forwarded presents to Marie and her mother, who, I was pleased to hear, were both in good health, and prospering.

The sudden interruption of peace, and the renewal of hostilities, once more put me in commission, and I was appointed to a fine sloop-of-war bring in the Channel, in which we were extremely fortunate in making prize-money, though sometimes it was accompanied by hard knocks from the enemy, particularly from the batteries when cruising close in shore or in cutting-out; in fact, at this time there was a chivalrous spirit afloat that urged our men-of-war's men into deeds of daring that seemed to be almost incredible, and induced a belief of their invincibility; and there could have been scarcely anything better adapted to their peculiar freaks than the threatened invasion by Napoleon, drawing together from all the harbours and ports an immense flotilla, in which his troops were to embark. It was a deep scheme of the wily Corsican to gull both nations, for Napoleon must have seen the impracticability of approaching the English coast by vessels, which when mustering did not dare to quit their own shores, and were captured and destroyed in every encounter,—one of which I particularly remember, about the middle of May, 1804, when the nature and form of the shoals between Flushing and Calais were not so well known as they were subsequently, after being surveyed by Mr. Thomas, Master of the Figgard, who buoyed the Duerloo Channel, previous to the taking of Flushing.

We had perceived for some time before, that a great number of brigs, schooners, and gun-boats had assembled at Helvoet, Flushing and Ostend, in full preparation to push out in order to reach Boulogne, the place of rendezvous. Lord Keith, who held the command in the North Sea, had sent out Sir Sidney Smith, in the Antelope, 50, with a squadron of frigates and brigs to intercept their progress westward. Soon after daylight of a beautiful morning, we saw them loosing sails at Flushing, and hauling out at Ostend; and about five o'clock there was a general move along the coast—the enemy keeping as close in as the depth of water would allow, and flanked inside by troops of horse artillery, that kept abreast of them along the beach, while the British cruisers, with all the canvass they could carry, worked in to commence the attack, and every soul on board eager for the fray.

The enemy numbered nearly one hundred sail, composed of schooners, schuyts, &c., and there were two fine ship-rigged praams, well manned and armed. We were soon in the very thick of the action, but as the flotilla had a fair wind and were in shoal water, it was impossible to get near enough to board them, but so intense and close was our fire, that several hauled down their colours and ran ashore, where they were taken possession of by the troops—others were sunk, and a few that the smaller vessels were enabled to grapple with, were brought off in triumph. It was truly a spirit stirring spectacle. A large portion of the enemy's craft, finding themselves so roughly handled and impeded, endeavoured to get back to Flushing, but the breeze came more easterly, which would have compelled them to stand further off from the shore, and the sloops of war and gun brigs being all ready to pick them up, they were compelled to abandon their intention, and run the gauntlet past our cruisers, which were in very little more water than they drew. Never could there have been witnessed a more confirmed naval scene of terrible confusion. Most of the enemy's vessels, besides their own complements and gunners, had soldiers on board, who were evidently much in the way, and the shot flying thickly amongst them, caused the schuyts to run foul of each other, so that frequently eight or ten drifted along in one tier, and our broadsides played sad havoc with them, and as they carried their long guns in the bows, they could not wait to wind and fire them. Thus it continued upwards of three hours, the Antelope getting in to the westward of Ostend, and stopping their course that way. Low water compelled our vessels to haul off, and the wretched remnant of the flotilla, with shattered hulls and broken spars, succeeded in hauling into Ostend basin, having lost an immense number of men.

Through some inadvertence or misconception of orders, the English gun-boats were not present; had they been with us, we could not have failed to have secured a great many more prizes, which when driven out of the line ran through the surf on to the beach, and under the protection of the artillery. Our seamen were greatly in their glory during the "skirmish," but they were angry that they could only secure two or three as trophies.

Nearly the whole of the summer was occupied in similar pursuits, and great numbers of praams, &c., were captured or destroyed. Havre was bombarded with considerable effect, and we learnt that five or six of the officers belonging to the French flotilla had been tried by courts martial for misconduct during the action off Ostend, and been severely punished. And here I call to remembrance the gallant conduct of a youth whilst attacking a squadron of schuyts and gun-boats that had got out of Ostend, and were anchored in the inner roads ready for a start. We had about three hours' work with them, and drove most of the vessels on shore. The enemy during the whole time kept up an incessant fire of shot and shell, and one of the latter fell on our deck, with the

fuzee, already very short, rapidly burning away. On the first moment, considerable alarm was manifested—every one shrunk from it, but a lad named William Langfield, seeing how matters stood, whipt off his hat, clapt it over the fuzee and then raising both in his arms, he threw them overboard, and the shell almost immediately afterwards exploded under water. It was done promptly and coolly, and there can be no doubt that his intrepidity saved many lives, nor is it improbable that had it burst on board, the ship would have been destroyed.

At this time, Jean Blackeman commanded a fine brig privateer, named the *Anacreon*, which had been built by his brother, and though the harbours were so well blockaded by British vessels, yet Blackeman contrived to get out of Dunkirk several times, make a number of captures, and succeeded in getting back again to port with some of his prizes, the rest being generally recaptured. By these means he amassed great wealth, and his success induced the people to place almost super-natural confidence in him. Time after time his brig had been chased by our cruisers, and we were once so close together that each of us was enabled to recognise the other,—and hats were mutually raised,—but though under our guns, he always contrived to escape, and our tars attributed to him many of the qualifications which are said to belong peculiarly to a busy, bustling black gentleman, whom they have Nick-named Davy Jones—he was, in fact, just the sort of material to aid them in spinning their yarns during the quiet of the dog watches in the evenings.

Thus passed away our summer and autumn, and even during the winter it was necessary to keep a strong force upon the enemy's coast, and though the weather was not altogether bright and balmy, we were compelled to rough it out as we best might or could. At the beginning of October, we were boxing about the fifteen fathom channel, when we chased three or four sail that had their heads directed towards the Flemish coast, and which by their manœuvres we supposed to be English vessels that had been captured. When they beheld us in pursuit, a separation took place, and whilst one hauled up close at it, the others ran away free, steering a point or two wide of each other. There was but little wind, and, as night was approaching, I was ordered to take the cutter well armed and board a large barque that was to leeward, so that she might not slip away in the darkness.

I had not got half a mile from the sloop of war, when the wind freshened, and in the course of a few minutes a dense fog spread itself over the waters, so as utterly to obscure every thing around, but as I could not be very far from the barque, I pulled in the direction I supposed she was in, but without seeing anything of her. The breeze grew stronger—the sloop of war fired and by catching the sound we steered towards her, but other guns were also fired in different directions, which tended to confuse me. I answered with musketry, but being without a compass found it impossible to steer correctly, and thus, after being baffled for about two hours, I laid upon my oars, to wait till it cleared up. About half the night had passed away, the haze still continued as thick as ever, and the wind had greatly increased, when on a sudden the mist was rolled away like a thick cloud, and we perceived a large man-of-war brig close aboard of us. Without for one moment supposing that she was anything but English, I hailed as loud as I could, and in a few minutes was replied to in my native tongue, by inquiries as to who I was, and how I came there. My answers were short, for the brig had ranged considerably ahead of us, and I was apprehensive meant to leave me altogether, but in a short interval she rounded to, and having laid her main topsail to the mast, showed lights, and hailed for me to "come on board."

We pulled up alongside,—I ascended the gangway and got upon the deck to be seized by four or five fellows, who instantly disarmed and pinioned me. It is strange that even though thus used, it never struck me that she was an enemy's vessel, and I thought it must be owing to some mistake that would be easily rectified; but a jabber of uncouth noises—a confused mixture of tongues, and particularly the French—at once apprised me of my fate, and I instantly hallooed to my boat's crew to shove off, but the warning was too late, all except the two boat keepers were in the hands of our foes, and in a few minutes more we were secured and thrust below, as prisoners. In about half an hour, I was summoned into the cabin, where I found an officer, handsomely dressed in uniform, and the cross of the Legion of Honour suspended from his button-hole.

"Eh bien, Monsieur," said he in French, "you are an Englishman—pray where is your vessel, and how came you to be where I picked you up?"

There was something in the tones of the officer's voice that were extremely familiar to my ears, but at that moment I could not call to recollection where I had before heard them, and he had changed his position so that his face was in deep shade and prevented my distinguishing a single feature, I told him at once that "I was a Lieutenant in the English Navy—had been sent on duty, but had lost sight of my ship during the fog."

To my astonishment he advanced towards me with extended hand and commenced in excellent English. "The fortune of war is against you, my friend; though I highly esteem you, yet you are perhaps the last man whom I would wish to see just now. Your name, Mr. Grummet, has been talked of in Dunkirk, in connection with the English squadron, and it has excited old prejudices, for circumstances which you must well remember, have come more to light than could have been wished, and if I had not held the command and control I did, it might have been of serious consequences. However, here you are, and we must do the best we can."

It was Jean Blackeman! now Captain of a beautiful brig well fitted up, but horribly manned—the very jails having been cleared of felons to make part of his crew. Her name was *Le Contre-Amiral Magon*, mounting fourteen long 6 pounders, two 18-pounder carronades and one long brass nine—put together in superb style—admirably fitted and only two months off the stocks,—this was her first cruise, and she had captured and sent away the three vessels we had chased the previous afternoon, and whose masters and people were then down in the privateer's hold; another, a laden collier that he had taken, had got safe into Ostend.

All this I learned subsequently during our conversations, for though his crew were equally, if not greater ruffians than those into whose hands I had fallen before, and plundered my poor fellows to their very skin, yet being myself received into the Captain's cabin and considered an acquaintance, my person and dress were respected.

Blackeman had come hurriedly to sea to look after a convoy that was daily expected home from the Baltic, and though from the rigid requisition of sailors for the French fleet he was unable to procure his complement of 200 men (having only between 80 and 90 on board when he sailed,) yet he was fearful of losing a goodly venture, and therefore boldly pushed out with all sorts of nations in his brig's company, and having sent an officer into Holland to pick up mariners wherever he could, which were to join at Ostend or Flushing.

I must own that I felt very awkward at the thoughts of going back to Dunkirk, especially under such disadvantageous circumstances, but there appeared

to be no help for it, unless the privateer's man could be induced through friendship to dispose of me in another way, and sanction my escape. In the present instance, however, he ran for his old station off, but just out of sight of Flamborough Head, where we cruised for four or five days without taking any prize, or hearing anything of the Baltic convoys, and Blackeman resolved to run over for the Flemish Coast to land his prisoners—upwards of thirty, and if possible to obtain his newly-raised men. The wind was easterly, and we worked on during the afternoon and evening, and had just made the land to the eastward of Ostend, when we became aware that there were three or four vessels in shore of us. It was about 9 o'clock P. M., we could distinguish that the strangers were square rigged, and strong hopes prevailed in my mind that they were English cruisers, and probably my own ship amongst them. But still the admirable sailing of the *Contre-Amiral Magon* cooled down my expectations; there was not a single craft amongst the British that stood any chance of coming up with her, except one, and even that was extremely doubtful, though I longed to see the trial.

The privateer bore up, wore round and packed on canvas, as she stood off, with wind abast the beam, three brigs and a cutter being in chase.

"I do not care for them," said Blackeman, "if there's a clear sea open to me, and nothing to interrupt my way!—Bah! I shall run them out of sight in a few hours." I made no answer, and in another minute or two he added, "There is one, the *Cruiser*, an 18 gun brig, that I know sails well."

"Yes," said I, "the *Cruiser* is considered a very fast craft—none of the rest can hold a candle to her."

"It is almost useless to ask you now whether that is the *Cruiser* astern of us," remarked he; "the night is too dark to distinguish, though I can make out with my glass that there is one much taunter and spreads more cloth than the other two, and she is walking along like a race-horse; but, n'importe, we shall know all about it by and by."

I fervently prayed that it might be the *Cruiser*, commanded by Captain John Hancock, a most vigilant and active officer, with whom I was upon friendly terms, and who I was very sensible would never leave the chase whilst the slightest chance of capturing her remained. When we first saw them they were under canvas, and from now the moment we bore up the distance between us and the leading English brig appeared to be undiminished, but by midnight all the rest were out of sight, and my hopes grew stronger that it was indeed Captain Hancock in pursuit. The breeze had greatly increased after midnight and in another hour we could not conceal from ourselves that the chasing ship was overhauling us fast. Blackeman, therefore, luffed up a point and here he found he could gain an advantage, though not to any material extent—sometimes one vessel drawing ahead, and then the other regaining her lost ground. The privateer's man was surprised to find his enemy cling so closely to him, and he practised all sorts of manœuvres in a very skilful way to increase his speed,—his boats were cut away,—all lumber was cleared from the decks,—the gunwales were sawed down, and numerous other things tried to accelerate her rate of sailing, but still without any sensible effect, as the indefatigable *Cruiser* under a press of canvas kept on her way, judiciously changing her course as we did, and evidently losing no opportunity of getting nearer to us.

Blackeman managed his vessel well, and I must do him the credit to say that a more skilful seaman I never saw. The other prisoners were all confined below; I had requested as a favour to be allowed to remain on deck, which was complied with, and consequently I was an eye-witness to all that passed. Of the crew of the privateer, it is impossible to speak without severe condemnation—there were very few seamen, whose exertions were almost paralyzed by the lubbers of know-nothings, who retarded rather than aided operations, and yet so actively alive was Blackeman and his officers in executing their own orders, that very little time was lost or thrown away. Thus we continued through the entire night, the wind progressively increasing to a gale, and the brig frequently nearly buried under water. Another day was breaking, the English vessel maintained her position, but gained very little upon us, and my heart sickened with hope deferred, when a sudden squall carried our two topmasts over the side with the whole of their sails and gear. I could scarcely suppress a cheer, but I did restrain myself out of gratitude to Blackeman, though my fellow prisoners below shouted most heartily.

The Captain of the privateer, however, was not subdued by this mishap, but keeping his vessel on her course, one party was sent to clear away the wreck and repair damages, whilst another overhauled a long range of cable, for the purpose of coming to an anchor. The English brig was now going two feet for our one, and must have soon clapped us alongside, but when he was only a short distance astern, Blackeman ordered the anchor to be let go; it was readily obeyed, the brig swung to the wind and brought up. A lee tide was running, and at the rate at which the man-of-war brig was going, (eleven knots) it was hoped that she would run past too far to be able to get to windward again. On came the pursuer tearing along, and shortening sail. I saw it was, indeed, the *Cruiser*, and Captain Hancock hailed to enquire what the brig was; the answer returned "A United States vessel bound to Sweden," but she was swept away, and fired three guns in succession at us. In an almost incredibly short space of time, the *Cruiser* had double reefed her topsails and hauled close to the wind; the crew of the privateer, conscious that it was all over with them, yet determined to make another attempt, cut the cable, which brought the sloop of war nearer to us, and she passed within a dozen yards of our lee quarter and hailed, when Blackeman exhorted Captain Hancock "not to fire, as he had struck." We were almost immediately boarded and taken possession of, to the great joy of the prisoners, who now turned to with a will to rig jury topmasts, and get all ship-shape again. During the chase of eight hours we had run nearly a hundred miles, and that night the privateer was snug in Yarmouth Roads, but soon afterwards drove on shore upon the beach, and I believe became a wreck. The privateer's crew were sent to prison, Blackeman remained on board the *Monmouth* in the Downs, from which or from the shore he contrived to escape, and was soon in Dunkirk again.

A DAY IN PISA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROME: AS SEEN BY A NEW YORKER."

The fifty miles between Florence and Pisa are one continued garden, and almost one village, so highly cultivated is the fertile soil, and so numerous are the houses of the prosperous inhabitants. In this feature this region resembles the best parts of England, such as we might imagine them to become if removed to a southern clime, and embellished and idealized by a more luxuriant nature, and a more poetic race. The road winds for its whole length along the valley of the river Arno, sometimes overhanging the water on the brink of a rocky ledge, then leaving it to cross a green meadow embosomed in its windings, and anon shut up in a dark mountain pass. Picturesque hills rise on either side, and on every little table land, scooped out by Nature on their slopes,

is perched a farm-house, characteristically composed of a cluster of half a dozen flat-roofed buildings of various heights, crowned by tall square towers rising out of their midst. Many showy country houses of the wealthier Florentines (in which they pass their *villeggiatura*) adorn the finest sites, and are all surrounded by cypress groves, which harmonize most perfectly with their architecture. In the place of fences, hedges of laurel divide the fields, which are bordered by elm trees; between which, in graceful festoons, hang vines laden with large clusters of the purple grape. The hills are often terraced up to their very tops, and covered with groves of gnarled and twisted olive trees, the pale leaves of which look "as though they had always grown by moonlight only." Upon their rocky crests shoot up the stone-pines, with their tall and slender stems as bare of foliage as a ship's mast, till at their very top the branches spread out like a gigantic umbrella, and are covered with a luxuriant growth, which seems almost black on its under side, but glitters with the brightest green where it is touched by the sun. An artist might spend weeks in sketching the striking points of view which occur at almost every turn; and for his foregrounds, he could nowhere find more picturesque figures than those of the peasantry; the lounging men with their jackets thrown over their shoulders with a coquettish carelessness, and the embrowned but beautiful women with the graceful white drapery folded on their heads, and falling back upon their scarlet mantles.

Many of the hills are topped with old castles, as on the Rhine, and each has its historical legend; one for instance being called the "Wolf," because it was erected to defend Florence from the assaults of another, built on the opposite bank of the river and named the "Goat," which the "Wolfe" hoped to devour. Farther on you reach Empoli, memorable as having in the thirteenth century nearly become the capital of the Florentine Republic. The Ghibellines had conquered the Guelphs, and had determined to root out the hated faction by destroying Florence, and making Empoli the seat of government; and the eloquence of one man was all that saved that fair city from premature annihilation. As you proceed, a very lofty tower on your left rises from San Miniato, the cradle of the Bonaparte family. The last of the race who dwelt there was an old Canon of the church, who died there in 1828, and was a cousin of Napoleon. The Emperor did his utmost to make him accept a bishopric, which he always refused, but in its stead he tormented his Imperial cousin to have the honors of canonization conferred on one of his ancestors who had died in all the odor of sanctity. Napoleon always replied that there was already a *Saint Bonaparte*, and that one saint in a family was quite enough. Two posts farther you pass an aqueduct of a thousand arches, and soon enter Pisa.

Pisa, like Florence, lies on both sides of the river Arno, which is crossed by three bridges, and bordered by broad stone quays, which form a fine promenade. Grave magnificence is the characteristic of the city. The palaces are of white marble, mellowed by time to a soft yellow, and the houses, with their heavy projecting cornices, have an air of massive seriousness. Beside the Arno, at the lower end of the city, stands a sweet church—adorned with such delicate Gothic pinnacles, spires and statues, that it seems like a miniature of the Milan Cathedral. Beyond it rises the ancient *Torre Guelfa*; but the great lion of the city, and the first object sought by the stranger, is the famous *Leaning Tower*. It stands on the outer edge of the town, and on your way to it you may pass through the *Piazza de' Cavalieri*, or "Knights' square," in which is the church of the Knights of the order of St. Stephen, who rivalled the Knights of Malta in their hostility to the infidel Turks, and who suspended in this, their peculiar church, the trophies which they had won. Turkish banners, shields, cimeters, and the like, are still arranged on the walls, while the ceiling is painted with the battles in which they were taken. In the dim light of the church, while a crowd is kneeling before the altar, at which the priests are officiating, and the choir singing with the organ, to whose notes the Turkish flags seem almost to wave, you might easily fancy yourself carried back some centuries, and listening to a solemn *Te Deum* for one of those victories of the Cross over the Crescent. In another corner of the square stood the "Tower of Hunger," where perished the Count Ugolino, and his children, whose horrid deaths have been so vividly depicted by Dante, and since so often commemorated by painters and poets.

Leaving the *Piazza de' Cavalieri*, over the roofs of some low houses you catch a glimpse of a tower, which leans over, as if just beginning to fall, and which you seem to have arrived precisely in time to catch in the very act. You feel inclined to hurry on lest it should be down before you get there, but you may make your mind easy on that point, for it has stood thus for many hundred years, and probably will for many more. When you approach it, you find that it forms one of a magnificent group of four buildings—the others being the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the *Campo Santo*—which stand on a level green lawn at the extremity of the city, apart from all other structures, and forming a little world of their own.

The Leaning Tower—one of the seven wonders of the world—is probably more popularly known than any relic in Italy. Its beauty has greatly increased the renown of its singularity, for it is of white marble, tinged yellow by age, and is divided into eight stories by as many colonnades, or circular balconies which surround it, one rising above the other, and each consisting of twenty-five columns, connected by arches, which thus encase the tower with their graceful galleries. It is 179 feet high and 49 in diameter, and it inclines eleven feet internally, and fourteen on the outside. Whether this remarkable inclination is accidental or intentional remains still a moot point, and the difficulties which accompany the question are likely always to leave it still doubtful. The old theory was that the architect built it with this inclination, in order to show his professional skill in making it thus overhang the base, and yet remain unfallen, though always falling.

In support of this theory, may be brought forward a very curious coincidence (which has never before been alluded to,) for the leaning tower at Bologna (*Torre Garisenda*) inclines eight feet in a height of a hundred and thirty, which is in exactly the same proportion as the eleven feet in the hundred and seventy-nine of Pisa, which would seem to hint that both were the result of corresponding designs, though the Bolognese tower, being a plain square mass, like a factory chimney, has not acquired the fame of its beautiful sister. But the Pisan tower should rather be called *bent* than leaning; for its profile is curved instead of sloping; its lower stories leaning the most, the upper ones less, and the top once scarcely at all. The most probable explanation of this singularity is, that the tower was commenced with the customary vertical lines; that it began to sink in the soft ground, when only partly up; that the architect built the next story again vertically; that the sinking continued, and that the builder tried constantly to counteract it by strengthening each addition to the height. The result of such a course would be precisely such a bent line as we now find in the tower, curved "like a tree which, springing out of the shelving side of a rock, strives to be perpendicular and bends its trunk by force of vegetation." All analogy is in favor of the theory, that the inclination is the

consequence of the quicksand nature of the soil (in which water springs everywhere at the depth of six feet); for the high altar in the adjoining cathedral has settled so much that it was taken down and rebuilt a few years ago; and the observatory in the next street has so far declined from the perpendicular as to affect its astronomical calculations. The tower, therefore, instead of being an honour to the ingenuity of the architect, would be professionally considered a disgrace to him for neglecting to pile, or otherwise secure its foundations. Its permanency does not, however seem effected by its inclination as that has not increased since its degree has been registered, and *might be three and a half times as great* as it now is, before it would fall, supposing it still to remain in one mass. When you ascend the tower by the winding steps which surround its cavity, you roll about as if you were in a ship at sea for the steps meet your feet as irregularly, sometimes seeming to rise up to them and sometimes to fall away. At the level of each of the galleries a door leads out upon them, by which you may see what height you have attained, and may look down over the unprotected edge, and calculate how far from the bottom you would land if you should fall perpendicularly from the overhanging gallery. When, at length, you reach the top, you seem still at sea, for it slopes sideways like a ship with a stiff breeze on the beam. It commands a fine view in all directions, from the level plain in which Pisa lies, to Leghorn, with the sea and the island of Gorgona on the east, the blue Apennines on the west, and on the north the rolling hills which embosom the Baths of Lucca—and are most graphically characterized by Dante as "*il monte, perche i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno*." Your giddy height seems dangerously tottering, when it vibrates with the seven bells which are hung in the topmost story, the largest weighing 12,000 pounds, and the heaviest ones being hung on the upper side, as if to trim the boat. You therefore descend very willingly, but when you reach the door which is really inclined, but which you naturally suppose perpendicular, and look through its opening at the upright columns of the cathedral, they seem, in their turn, leaning as if about to fall.

The Cathedral stands in the centre of the great group, upon a broad marble terrace ascended by steps. Four tiers of arcades, like those on the leaning tower, adorn its front, and over its doors are mosaic pictures, as in *San Marco* at Venice. On entering, you see five aisles divided by a forest of Corinthian columns of various marbles, and at their extremity a gigantic figure of Christ, in antique mosaic, fills up the end of the church, as if descending into it from the heavens above. The walls are in stripes of white and dark blue marble, and the windows are filled with brilliant stained glass, which imparts a dim religious light seldom found in the Italian churches. But the most interesting object in the cathedral is a bronze lamp hanging in the main aisle, which is said to be the very one which Galileo one day chanced to notice swinging backwards and forwards at regular intervals. Thousands before him had seen this (as thousands before Newton had seen an apple fall) but to his philosophical mind alone did its motion suggest the fruitful theory of the application of the pendulum to the measurement of time.

The Baptistery, on the left of the cathedral, balances the Leaning Tower on its right. It is a gorgeous circular church, surrounded externally with the usual Romanesque arcades, supported internally by eight ancient granite columns, and containing in its centre a marble baptismal font, large enough to hold six or eight full grown people. But the pride of the place is the white marble pulpit, covered with sculpture of exquisite beauty, and as fresh as if it was just out of the sculptor's hands, though it has been in its present position for more than six centuries. The sexton, however, finds the echo the most admirable thing, as it gives him an opportunity of showing off his fine voice, and long after the visitor is satisfied, he continues to shout and sing for his own pleasure.

Behind the Cathedral is the *Campo Santo*, a beautiful cloistered cemetery. Its inner area is filled with earth from the Holy Land, of which fifty-three ship-loads were here deposited by the Archbishop Ubaldo, after he was expelled from Palestine by the Saracens. Around the sacred quadrangle is built the finest cloister in the world, its inner circuit being formed of open arches, with delicate Gothic tracery, and its enclosing wall being covered with fresco paintings of great interest, by Giotto, Orcagna and others. Upon its pavement numerous Roman *sarcophagi*, which the Pisans have appropriated to themselves, depositing their friends' bodies in the stone coffins which once held some ancient Romans, and which are still covered with Pagan sculpture. Besides these tombs, various other remains of antiquity, such as altars, vases, statues, and basso-reliefs, convert the cemetery into a perfect museum, and these relics, as well as the paintings on the walls, might pleasantly employ several days in this sacred spot, which is the climax of all burial grounds; "so elegant and light is the Gothic arcade, so venerable the picture walls, and the ancient tombs, and so sweet the rich and abundant verdure of the earth of Jerusalem, producing its wild flowers in abundance in the cloister garden within."

Leaving at length this group of unrivalled magnificence—this unique quartette—and returning to the heart of the city as night came on, I saw lights gleaming in the distance, and heard faint music approaching. As it drew nearer, it proved to be a procession of priests bearing large wax tapers, and chanting a funeral service. In front of them was carried a banner embroidered with a cross, and a skull resting on crossbones, and wearing a crown as emblem of the king of terrors. In the midst was borne a coffin covered by a black velvet pall and sprinkled with bright flowers, in token of its being the funeral of an unmarried girl. I followed them to the church, where they sang a mass, and then extinguished the torches, and took the coffin to the "Depository of the dead."

From the "house of mourning" to the "house of feasting" is proverbially only a short step, and accordingly beside the church we found a "*Trattoria*," where we dined comfortably, and ended the day at the *Cafe Usseto*, the large saloon of which was crowded with the members of the University, once the most famous in Europe. Her professors then received a ten times greater salary than did Macnavelli, as secretary of the Florentine Republic, so highly were their services then esteemed; and to secure the assistance of one of them Louis XII. and Venice nearly went to war.

Those golden days for learning have gone by—not that it is less prized, but that it is more generally diffused—but a thousand students are still attracted by the learning and the liberality of the University of Pisa.—*Democratic Review*.

MEMOIRS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We return to these Memoirs for the purpose of quoting a few of the more entertaining portions, to which we alluded at the close of our last week's notice; and commence with a bit about spies.

"She made the following remark:—'The peers in England may be com-

pared to doctors who have made their fortunes: if they continue to practice, they do it out of regard to some particular families, or from humane motives. They know better than those who are sick what is good for them, because they have had long practice; and if their sons are no doctors, they have heard so much talk about the matter that they sit in a corner and watch the effect of the medicine.' I was struck with the resemblance of Lady Hester's style to Junius's in her letter to Sir Edward. This led me to reflect, as I had observed on many occasions that Lady Hester's language was the counterpart of her grandfather's, whether Lord Chatham might not have been the author of Junius's Letters; but it has since been suggested to me that there would be an absurdity in such a supposition (for I had no opportunity of consulting books where I was), because some of the most eloquent passages of Junius are his panegyrics on Lord Chatham, and it is not likely that he would have been guilty of writing an eulogium on himself; however, I mentioned it to her. She answered: 'My grandfather was perfectly capable and likely to write and do things which no human being would dream came from his hands. I once met with one of his spies,' continued she, 'a woman of the common class, who had passed her life dressed in man's clothes. In this way she went, as a sailor, to America, and used to write him letters as if to a sweetheart, giving an account of the enemy's ships and plans in a most masterly way, in the description of a box of tools, or in something so unlike the thing in question that no suspicion could be had of the meaning of the contents. This woman by accident passed me at a watering place, whilst I was sitting near the sea side talking to my brother, and stopped short on hearing the sound of my voice, which was so much like my grandfather's that it struck her. And there is nothing extraordinary in this: I have known a horse do the same thing. My father had two piebald horses: the were very vicious, and had one of the grooms so, that, one day, whilst he was taking them out for exercise, one threw him, and the other flew at him, and attempted to strike him with his fore-foot; but, as he could not succeed the other, that had run off, turned back, seized the groom with his teeth, and bit him and shook him. That very horse went blind, and got into an innkeeper's hands, who made a post-horse of him. One day, on the high road, I saw him, and made an exclamation to somebody who was with me. The horse although blind, knew my voice, and stopped short, just like the woman. I too was struck with the woman's manner; and, without saying anything went next morning at daylight, before anybody was about, to the same spot and, finding the woman there again, inquired who and what she was. A conversation ensued; and the woman was delighted, she said, to behold once again something that reminded her of her old employer. 'As for the ministers of the present day,' she observed, 'they are good for nothing. When I went to prefer my claim for a pension, one called me Goody-two-shoes, and told me to go about my business.' A government should never employ spies of the description generally chosen—men of a certain appearance and information, who may be enabled to mix in genteel society: they are always known or suspected. My grandfather pursued quite a different plan. His spies were among such people as Logmagi—a hardy sailor, who would get at any risk into a port to see how many ships there were, and how many effective men—or a pedlar, to enter a camp—and the like. This was the way he got information as to the armament at Toulon; and such a one was the woman I have just told you about, who knew me by the sound of my voice. There were two hairdressers in London, the best spies Bonaparte had. A hairdresser, generally speaking, must be a man of talent; so must a cook; for a cook must know such a variety of things about which no settled rules can be laid down, and he must have great judgment. Do you think I did not immediately perceive that those four Germans we met at—were spies? directly. I never told B—and Lord S—, because they would have let it out again. Francois was the only one who knew it besides myself. He took an opportunity one day of saying to me, when nobody was by. 'My lady, one of those Germans ' 'Yes, yes, Francois, I understand you,' answered I, before he had said three words: 'you need not put me on my guard, but am I much obliged to you.' 'Why, my lady,' said Francois, 'when I was one day standing sentry at Bonaparte's tent, there was one of those very gentlemen I have seen go in and out: I recollect his face perfectly.' Francois was right, doctor: there they were, there was the sick one, and the learned one, and the musician, and the officer, for all sorts of persons. You recollect, when we were at Constantinople, one day I went to meet the Count de la Tour Maubourgh on the banks of the Bosphorus, and he intimated to me that I had kept him waiting. 'Yes,' said I, 'there was a spy following my boat: I knew him directly, and wanted to prevent his dogging me.' 'Pooh! nonsense,' replied Mr. T. M.: but we had not talked for an half hour, when, lo! there he was, taking a look at us. Next day, when I saw Mr. Canning, 'Oh! Lady Hester,' said he, 'how did you spend your day yesterday?' 'Why,' answered I, 'your spy did not spoil it.' 'Ah!' rejoined he, laughing, for he perceived at once it was of no use to make a mystery of what he had done. 'You should not do such things; I must write it home to government.' 'Yes,' said I, 'I'll write a letter too, in this way:—My lord, your excellent young minister, to show his gallantry, has begun his diplomatic career by watching ladies in their assignations,' &c. &c. And then I laughed at him, and then I talked seriously with him, till I made him cry—yes, doctor, made him cry. Spies, as I said before, should never be what are called gentlemen, or have the appearance of such; for however well they may be paid, somebody else will always pay them better;—unless fortune should throw in your way a man of integrity, who, from loyalty or love of his country, will adventure every thing for the cause he is engaged in: such a man is another sort of a thing!'

Of Mr. Pitt we are told:—

'She denied that Mr. Dundas had any direct influence over Mr. Pitt, as Wrexall avers. Her words were: 'Because Mr. Dundas was a man of sense, and Mr. Pitt approved of his ideas on many subjects, it does not follow, therefore, that he was influenced by him.' With the exception of Mr. Dundas, Lord—, and another that she named, 'all the rest,' said Lady Hester, 'were a rabble—a rabble. It was necessary to have some one at their head to lead them, or else they were always going out of the right road, just as, you know, a mule with a good star must go before a caravan of mules, to shew them the way. Look at a flight of geese in the air: there must always be one to head them, or else they would not know in what direction to fly. Mr. Pitt's consideration for age was very marked. He had, exclusive of Walmer, a house in the village, for the reception of those whom the castle could not hold. If a respectable commoner advanced in years and a young duke arrived at the same time, and there happened to be but one room vacant in the castle, he would be sure to assign it to the senior; for it is better (he would say) that these young lords should walk home on a rainy night than old men: they can bear it more easily. Mr. Pitt was accustomed to say that he always conceived more favourably of that man's understanding who talked agreeably nonsense,

than of his who talked sensibly only; for the latter might come from books and study, while the former could only be the natural fruit of imagination. Mr. Pitt was never inattentive to what was passing around him, though he often thought proper to appear so. On one occasion Sir Ed. K. took him to the Ashford ball to shew him to the yeomen and their wives. Though sitting in the room in all his senatorial seriousness, he contrived to observe every thing; and nobody (I say Hester said) could give a more lively account of a ball than he. He told who was rather fond of a certain captain; how Mrs. K. was dressed; how Miss Jones, Miss Johnson, or Miss Anybody, danced; and had all the minutiae of the night, as if he had been no more than an idle looker-on. He was not fond of the applause of a mob. One day, in going down to Weymouth, he was recognised in some town; and, whilst the carriage stopped to change horses a vast number of people gathered round us; they insisted on dragging the carriage, and would do so for some time, all he could say. Oh, doctor! what a fright I was in! Mr. Pitt bore with ceremony as a thing necessary. On some occasions I was obliged to pinch his arm, to make him not appear uncivil to people: 'There's a baronet,' I would say; or, 'That's Mr. So-and-so.' I never saw Mr. Pitt shed tears but twice.'

Some instances of Mr. Pitt's kindness of heart are also given—one with a spice of romance.—

'It is wonderful,' said she, 'what a man Mr. Pitt was. Nobody would have suspected how much feeling he had for people's comforts, who came to see him. Sometimes he would say to me, 'Hester, you know we have got such a one coming down. I believe his wound is hardly well yet, and I heard him say, that he felt much relieved by fomentations of such a herb: perhaps you will say that he finds in his chamber all that he wants.' Of another, he would say—'I think he drinks ass's milk; I should like him to have his morning's draught.' And I, who was born with such sensibility, that I must fidget myself about everybody, no matter whom, was always sure to exceed his wishes. Would you believe, doctor, that in the last weeks of his last illness, he found time to think about his groom, in a way that nobody would have suspected in him? He had four grooms, who died of consumption, from being obliged to ride so hard after him; for they drank, and caught cold, and so ruined their constitutions. This one I am speaking of, when first attacked in the lungs, was placed at Knightsbridge, and then sent to the seaside. One day, Mr. Pitt, speaking of him, said to me—'The poor fellow, I am afraid, is very bad: I have been thinking of a way to give him a little consolation. I suspect he is in love with Mary, the house maid; for, one morning, early, I found them talking closely together, and she was covered with blushes. Couldn't you contrive, without hurting his feelings, to get her to attend on him in his illness?' Accordingly, soon after, when he was about to set off for Hastings, I went to see him. 'Have you nobody,' I asked him, 'whom you will like to go to the seaside with you?—your sister or your mother?' 'No, thank you, my lady.' 'There is the still-room maid, would you like her?' 'Ah my lady, she has a great deal to do, and is always wanted.' From one to another, I, at last, mentioned Mary, and I saw I had hit on the right person; but, however, he only observed, he should like to see her before he went. Mary was, therefore, sent to him; and the result of there conversation was, that he told her, he would marry her if he recovered, or leave her all he had if he died—which he did. Mr. Pitt once obtained a servant in a very odd way. Riding on the moors with a friend, they came to one of those flocks of geese, which, picked of their feathers, are driven about by a boy, with a bit of red rag at the end of a long stick. 'We must ride round,' said Mr. Pitt; 'we shall never get through this immense flock.' 'Yes, but you may,' cried a sharp-looking boy, who had heard him, 'if you will only keep your horses quiet. Sh—sh—ee—ee—ay!', and the boy waved his stick here and there, and in a minute or two the flock opened, and, wheeling to the left and right in regular columns made a passage, through which they rode. 'That must be a clever lad,' observed Mr. Pitt; 'he manœuvres his little army in a wonderful manner—a general could not do it better;' and he ordered the groom to inquire who he belonged to. A day or two after he was sent for, and put into the stables. Next, he was made an under groom; then taken to town to wait on the upper servants, and afterwards made a footman. * * Mr. Pitt was more than satisfied with him, and soon after made him his valet; but he did not live long enough to have his services recompensed. He died quite young, at twenty-seven. He was a man all fire and activity. Mr. Pitt would say to him, 'You must go down to-day to such a place, and I shall be there the day after to-morrow.' 'You will excuse me, sir,' the man would reply, 'but I shan't go; for, if I do, who will attend to you when you take your physic to-morrow? You will be busy, and put it off; and nobody knows how to give it but myself.' 'Well, well,' Mr. Pitt would answer, 'do so then.' * * Nobody ever knew or estimated Mr. Pitt's character rightly. His views were abused and confounded with the narrow projects of men who never could comprehend them; his fidelity to his master was never understood. Never was there such a disinterested man; he invariably refused every bribe, and declined every present that was offered to him. Those which came to him from abroad he left to rot in the Custom House; and some of his servants, after quitting his service, knowing he never inquired about them any more, went and claimed things of this sort: for Mr. Pitt would read the letter, and think no more about it. I could name those, who have pictures hanging in their rooms—pictures by Flemish masters of great value—procured in this way. Mr. Pitt used to say of Lord Carrington, when he saw him unable to eat his dinner in comfort, because he had a letter to write to his steward about some estate or another—'voilà l'embarras de richesses;' but when he heard of some generous action done by a wealthy man—'there's the pleasures of being rich,' he would cry. He did not pretend to despise wealth, but he was not a slave to it, as will be seen by the following anecdotes:—At one time a person was empowered by his city friends to settle on him 10,000*l.* a year, in order to render him independent of the favour of the king, and of everybody, upon condition (as they expressed it) that he would stand forth to save his country. The offer was made through me, and I said I would deliver the message, but was afraid the answer would not be such as they wished. Mr. Pitt in fact refused it, saying he was much flattered by their approval of his conduct, but that he could accept nothing of the sort. Yet these people," added Lady Hester, "were not, as you might at first suppose, disinterested in their offer: I judged them to be otherwise. For if it had been to the man, and not to some hopes of gain they had by him, would they not, after his death, have searched out those he esteemed as angels, and have honored his memory by enriching those he loved so much? (alluding to herself and brothers.) But no—they thought, if Mr. Pitt retired from public affairs, the country and its commerce would go to ruin, and they, as great city men, would be the losers; whereas, by a few thousand pounds given away handsomely, if they got him to take an active part in the government, they would in turn put vast riches into their own purses, and make a handsome profit out of their patriotism." She

added, "There are no public philanthropists in the city. I recollect once a hackney coach drawing up to the door, out of which got four men: doctor, they had a gold box with them as big as that" (and she held her hands nearly a foot apart to show the size of it), "containing 100,000*l* in bank notes. They had found out the time when he was alone, and made him an offer of it. It was all interest that guided them, but they pretended it was patriotism:—rich merchants, who were to get a pretty penny by the job. He very politely thanked them, and returned the present. I was once in the city at an Irish linen warehouse—very rich people, but such a nasty place—so dark! You know those narrow streets. They offered to buy Hollwood for him, pay his debts, and make him independent of the king, if he would contrive to take office; for he was out at the time. I mentioned it to him, as I thought it my duty to do so; but he would not listen to any such proposal."

We get, by the way occasional glimpses of Mr. Pitt's policy:—

"Lady Hester said that those who asserted that Mr. Pitt wanted to put the Bourbons on the throne, and that they followed his principles, lied; and if she had been in parliament, she would have told them so. "I once heard a great person," added she, "in conversation with him on the subject, and Mr. Pitt's reply was, 'Whenever I can make peace, whether with a consul, or whosoever it is at the head of the French Government, provided I can have any dependence on him, I will do it.' Mr. Pitt had a sovereign contempt for the Bourbons, and the only merit he allowed to any one of them was to him who was afterwards Charles X., whose gentlemanly manner and mild demeanour he could not be otherwise than pleased with. Mr. Pitt never would consent to their going to court, because it would have been a recognition of Louis XVIII."

The following correction of the current account of Mr. Pitt's death is *quantum*:—

"I happened to observe that I had read an account of Mr. Pitt's last moments in Gifford's life of him, and that his dying words, praying for forgiveness through the merits of his Redeemer, or words to that effect, together with the whole scene of his death bed, appeared, as I thought, too much made up, and too formal to be true: leaving the impression that the author, and those from whom he gathered his information, had considered it a duty to make the close of a great man's life conformable to their religious feelings rather than to fact and reality. "Who is it that says it of him?" asked Lady Hester. "Dr. Prettyman and Sir Walter Farquhar."—"Oh! it's all a lie," she replied, rather indignantly:—"Dr. Prettyman was fast asleep, when Mr. Pitt died: Sir Walter Farquhar was not there; and nobody was present but James. I was the last person who saw him except James, and I left him about eight o'clock, for I saw him struggling as if he wanted to speak, and I did not like to make him worse." After a short pause she resumed:—"What should Mr. Pitt make such a speech for, who never went to church in his life? Nothing prevented his going to church when he was at Walmer: but he never even talked about religion, and never brought it upon the carpet."

Some small talk about him, Bonaparte, the Bourbons, and others, is also sufficiently amusing:—

"Bonaparte had naturally something vulgar in his composition. He took a little from Ossian, a little from Caesar, a little from this book, a little from that, and made up something that was a good imitation of a great man; but he was not in himself naturally great. As for killing the Duke d'Enghien, if he had killed all the Bourbons, for the good of France, I should say nothing to that; but he had not much feeling. Whenever he laments anybody, it is always for his own sake that he does it. I don't understand, either, a great man making complaints about the room he slept in not being good enough for him, or complaining of his champagne: I dare say he had slept in many a worse. Had I been in his place, you would have seen how differently I should have acted, and that such a man as Sir Hudson Lowe should never have seen that he could have the power of vexing me. He was not what I call a man of genius: a man of considerable talent he certainly was. A man of genius is like a fine diamond: what I understand by a fine diamond is one resembling a large drop of water—smooth and even on every side; so that whichever way you look at it, there is a blaze of light that seems as if it would spread as you gaze on it. However, men of genius have seldom a look that would tell you they are so; for, what a heavy looking man Mr. Fox was! did you ever see him? Mr. Pitt, again, had nothing remarkable in his appearance; Mr. Pitt's was not a face that gave one the idea of a clever man. As he walked through the park, you would have taken him for a poet, or some such person, thin, tall, and rather awkward; looking upwards as if his ideas were *en air*, and not remarking what was passing around him: there was no expression in him at such a moment. It was my grandfather who had the fine look. The best picture of him is that at Chevening: he is represented in his robes. The colour and fire in his eyes altogether is very fine. Georgio pleased me, when (on his return from England) he said, 'Your face, my lady, is just like your grandpapa's; for the forehead, and the upper part of the nose, and the contour of the countenance, I know are the same.'"

There are also remarks on Canning, Huskisson, Queen Caroline and George IV., severe, and even bitter; for she disliked them all.

The following anecdote tells in favour of Beau Brummell; and, like all else we ever heard of him, just as much against his princely and lordly companions:—

"Lady Hester this day asked me if I had ever known Beau Brummell. "I should like to see that man again, doctor," continued she, without waiting for my answer. "He was no fool. I recollect his once saying to me, in Bond Street, riding with his bridle between his fore finger and thumb, as if he held a pinch of snuff, 'Dear creature! who is that man you were talking to just now?'—"Why," I answered, "that is Colonel —."—"Colonel what?" said he, in his peculiar manner; "Who ever heard of his father?"—"So I replied, 'And who ever heard of George B's father?'—"Ah! Lady Hester," he rejoined, half seriously, "who, indeed ever heard of George B's father, and who would have ever heard of George B. himself, if he had been anything but what he is! But you know, my dear Lady Hester, it is my folly that is the making of me. If I did not impudently stare duchesses out of countenance, and nod over my shoulder to a prince, I should be forgotten in a week: and if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I may know better, but what does that signify?"

"A personal bit or two:—

"I recollect once, at Ramsgate, five of the Blues, half-drunk, not knowing who I was, walked after me, and pursued me to my door. They had the impudence to follow me up stairs, and one of them took hold of my gown. The maid came out frightened out of her senses; but just at the moment with my arm I gave the foremost of them such a push, that I sent him rolling over the others down stairs, with their swords rattling against the balusters. Next day he appeared with a black patch as big as a saucer over his face; and,

when I went out, there were the glasses looking at me, and the footmen pointing me out—quite a sensation!"

"After Mr. Pitt's death I could not cry for a whole month and more. I never shed a tear until one day Lord Melville came to see me; and the sight of his eyebrows turned gray, and his changed face, made me burst into tears. I felt much better for it after it was over."

"On some occasions she had singular ways of talking; sometimes as if she were addressing herself to the wall, sometimes to her lap; and latterly, when most of her teeth were gone, she mumbled a great deal."

As varieties, we quote:—

"In the cottages of Mount Lebanon there are many things occurring daily which would greatly surprise an English practitioner. A luxation of the shoulder-joint in an infant, real or supposed, was cured, they told me, by taking the child by the wrist and swinging it round with its feet off the ground, until the bone got into place again. I assisted, the second time, at the cure of a sore throat in a man thirty-six years of age, who suffered a pocket handkerchief to be drawn tightly round his neck until his face turned black and he was half strangled. The man declared next day he was well, and the operator assured me it was a never failing remedy."

Not knowing exactly how much dependence we can repose in Lady Hester's recollections, we are not sure whether we may return to these volumes or not. They ought to be better than the common run to deserve serious consideration; for Lady H. is herself a tolerable critic. On one occasion we read:

"Some one—I suppose you—sent me the 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.' It is I who could give a true and most extraordinary history of all those transactions. The book is all stuff. The duchess (Lord Edward's mother) was my particular friend, as was also his aunt: I was intimate with all the family, and knew that noted Pamela. All the books I see make me sick—only catchpenny nonsense. A thousand thanks for the promise of my grandfather's letters; but the book will be spoilt by being edited by young men. First, they are totally ignorant of the politics of my grandfather's age; secondly, of the style of the language used at that period; and absolutely ignorant of his secret reasons and intentions, and the real or apparent footing he was upon with many people, friends and foes. I know all that from my grandmother, who was his secretary, and, Courts used to say, the cleverest man of her time, in politics, business, &c. Even the late Lord Chatham, his son, had but an imperfect idea of all that took place; for he was either absent, or, when not so, taken up by dissipation."

Miscellaneous Articles.

TREATMENT OF CAPTURED SLAVES AFTER AN EGYPTIAN HUNT.

To prevent flight a *sheba* is hung round the neck of the full grown slaves; it consists of a young tree about six or eight feet in length, and two inches in thickness, forming a fork in front; this is bound round the neck of the victim so that the stem of the tree presents anteriorly, the fork is closed at the back of the neck by a cross-bar, and fastened *in situ* by straps cut from a raw hide; thus the slave, in order to be able to walk, is forced to take the tree in his hands and carry it before him. No individual could, however, bear this position for any length of time; to relieve each other, therefore, the man in front takes the log of his successor on his shoulder, and this measure is repeated in succession. It amounts to an impossibility to withdraw the head, but the whole neck is always excoriated, an injury leading often to inflammatory action, which occasionally terminates in death. Boys from ten to fifteen years, who could not carry the *sheba*, are handcuffed together by wooden manacles. The instruments are applied to the right hand of one and the left hand of the other, above the wrists, where they are fastened by straps; they are somewhat excavated to admit the hand, but generally fit so closely that the skin is excoriated, and malignant ulcers are the result; but even if the hand were to mortify, or drop off, no alleviation of the sufferings of the individual would ensue, for the fetters are not taken off before the arrival of the convoy at Lobeid. Some of the boys are fastened together in couples by straps applied round the upper part of their arms. It may, therefore, easily be imagined how difficult progression is rendered to these poor sufferers, and the tortures they have to endure on this march. In addition to these trials, they have to bear with most miserable fare, and further ill treatment, should their strength fail them, or should they become too weak to proceed. Children under the age before mentioned, women, and old men are marched singly, and unfettered. Many a mother carries her infant, born but a few days before, at her breast, and must even take two or three of her children, who may be too young or too weak to walk alone, in her arms, or on her back. Old and infirm men who can scarcely creep along with the aid of a stick, the sick, and the wounded, are taken in the middle, between their daughters, wives, or relations, and thus slowly dragged onwards, or even carried by turns. If one of these unfortunate beings happen to remain behind the ranks, he is immediately stimulated to increased activity by blows with the butt end of the musket, or flogged on with the whip. Should even this encouragement fail, and when several of these poor wretches cannot possibly proceed any further, ten or twenty of them are bound by the hand with a rope, the one end of which is attached to the saddle-bow of a camel, and thus those who are half dead are dragged onwards; even if one of them happen to sink no mercy is shown, but the fallen man is trailed along the ground and not liberated, even should he breathe his last, before his arrival at the stated place of rest. Before the caravan halts there is no idea of offering any refreshment whatever in the way of food to the exhausted; the heartless Turk feels no compassion, knows no pity; even if a drop of water might revive a weary wretch, none is given him—no, he may perish from want. When the caravan reaches the place of rest, those who have been dragged along are liberated; whilst the dead and the exhausted are thrown without mercy on the sand, and the latter left to their fate. No prayers, no entreaties can soften the obdurate hearts of their tormentors. They do not even allow a wife to take leave of their husband, or a child to press the parting kiss upon the lips of its expiring parent. No one is permitted to approach these unfortunate wretches—they are given over to their fate. Not even as much as a piece of bread or a drop of water is left behind for them. The discarded wretch is given to his doom to linger out his existence, add to which the misery of the full consciousness of certain death.—*Pallme's Travels in Kordofan.*

THE IRISH MIDDLEMAN.

Take Abel Richards as a specimen of the class—and, believe us, there have been many worse; a keen, cunning man—a steward's son, inheriting his father's earnings and his mother's vices—crawling about "the big house" with a bland smile, a quick ear, a ready invention—a few pounds over in his purse—

to lend when profit could be made—to buy, at every seizure for rent, either cow or pig, potato or kish, by which he could make a guinea, a shilling or a penny—a bow and an obliging lie always at the service of his rich neighbour—a blow and a bite for his poor one. Not but that Abel shirked “the ruffian” whenever he could, especially in his latter days; for he was not given to open strife; it did not answer his purpose. He knew that land, “the bit of land,” is the peasant’s existence; he has, in nine cases out of ten, no regular employment to look to; he must have “the bit of land,” no matter what he promises to pay for it; he must have it, or beg and starve. If ejected, he dare not seek for ground elsewhere, for if he eject another holder, his own doom is sealed. Richards knew this; he had grown up in the knowledge, and to the calculations which such knowledge brings: at first he got twenty or thirty acres of land into his possession, which he let, re-let, divided, sub-divided, until it was said he made the district “a place of poverty and potato gardens.” Then he was only an under “middleman;” the middleman of a middleman, who, perhaps (the case was by no means rare,) was a middleman under yet another middleman. The wretched beings who call him “Master Abel” (that was his first public step) were subject to have their pig and their bed, if they had one, “canted” by landlord, one, two, three, or more. But Abel never “got on swimmingly” until he became a convert, turned his back upon his old faith and adopted a new under the fostering patronage of Mrs. Spencer. This, for a time, gave him a push, a lift with the gentry. All the ill-will his avarice and cruelty had earned, it was very convenient to attribute to “his changed faith.” He had been so hated previously, that we may doubt if his “turning coat” increased his ill will; but he made people believe it did, and managed to obtain a considerable augmentation of land from an absentee landlord, who had some zeal, and much need of the money, which Mister Richards did not fail to procure. In due course he made some speeches at meetings in Dublin, which “told” with those who have a sufficient quantity of charity to “know” that all who believe as they believe must be saved, while those who believe otherwise will be—the contrary. While Dean Graves, and other of his acquaintances received his confessions, and ejaculations, and tales of persecutions, with mistrust—in Dublin he dined with titled ladies, learned to eat with a silver fork, obtained various presents of bitterly worded tracts from those who had the reputation of sanctity among their own “set;” while more timid votaries bestowed on him blue and pink book markers, embroidered with words, which strange to say, were at decided variance with their practice—thus a lady who would not suffer a “popish” domestic to enter her service, selected the motto, “Charity suffereth long and is kind;” and another, the simple word “peace,” worked in orange silk, as a token of her hatred of the green. At all the little “tea-parties” got up by this mistaken body, Abel Richards, was introduced with much ceremony as “that suffering saint from the south.”—*The Whiteboy*

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE, WEARIED OF MARGATE, HAS “A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE FRANCE.”

Bless me, aren't you tired, Caudle? No? Well, was there ever such a man? But nothing ever tires you. Of course it's all very well for you; yes, you can read your newspapers and—What! So can I? And I wonder what would become of the children if I did! No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics, and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't care a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us—it's well enough for—no, Caudle, no; I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always. I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you do so like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore let's be comfortable. Still, I must say it; when you like, you're an aggravating man. Caudle, and you know it.

“What have you done now? There now; we won't talk of it. No; let's go to sleep: otherwise we shall quarrel—I know we shall. What have you done, indeed? That I can't leave my home for a few days, but I must be insulted! Everybody upon the pier saw it. Saw what? How can you lie there in the bed and ask me! Saw what, indeed! Of course, it was a planned thing—regularly settled before you left London. Oh yes! I like your innocence, Mr. Caudle, not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to say of her husband; but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better.

“Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman ‘a dear soul.’ I must be very dear, indeed, to you, when you bring down Miss Prettyman—to there now; you needn't shout like a wild savage! Do you know that you're not in your own house—do you know that we're in lodgings? What do you suppose the people will think of us! You needn't call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What do you say? Why don't I hold my tongue then? To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. Miss Prettyman's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing. I know she has followed you; and if you were to go before a magistrate, and take a shilling oath to the contrary, I wouldn't believe you. No, Caudle; I wouldn't.

“Very well, then? Ha! what a heart you must have, to say ‘very well;’ and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my own house—dragged down here to the sea side—to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I didn't see how she looked at you—how she poked up her farthing mouth—and—what? Why did I kiss her, then? What's that to do with it? Appearances are one thing, Mr. Caudle; and feelings are another. As if women can't kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you—looked as cold and as formal at her as—well, Caudle! I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world!

“There, now; I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! ha! now very lucky that—ugh! ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh, you've a heart like a sea-side flint! Yes, that's right. That's just like your humanity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault—it must be my thin shoes. I dare say you'd like to see me in ploughman's boots; 't would be no matter to you how I disfigured myself. Miss Prettyman's foot, now, would be another thing—no doubt.

“I thought when you would make me leave home—I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world, the better. What do you say? Nothing? But I know what you mean, better than if you talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife, that's all, Mr. Caudle. What! You'd not try? Wouldn't you? I know you. In six months you'd fill up my place; yes, and read fully my dear children would suffer for it.

“Caudle, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-mor-

row. Can't I be quiet then? Yes—that's like your artfulness; anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure if it depended upon me, we might be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you needn't groan when I say it. Good night, Caudle. What do you say? Bless me! Well, you are a dear soul, Caudle; and if it wasn't for that Miss Prettyman—no, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, Caudle; you don't.

“Caudle—I say, Caudle. Just a word dear. Well? Now, why should you snip me up in that way. You want to go to sleep? So do I; but that's no reason you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. You don't recollect it? Yes—that's like you: you don't recollect many things you've promised; but I do. There's a boat goes on Wednesday for Boulogne, and comes back the day afterwards. What of it? Why, for that time we could leave the children with the girls, and go nicely. Nonsense? Of course: if I want anything it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it quite enough to bring me down here to this hole of a place, where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance—where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty—the same donkeys—the same everything. But then, I'd forgot; Margate has an attraction for you—Miss Prettyman's here. No; I'm not censorious, and I wouldn't backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours—there!—there!—I've done: I can't open my lips about that creature, but you always storm.

“You know that I always wanted to go to France; and you bring me down here only on purpose that I should see the French cliffs—just to tantalize me, and for nothing else. If I'd remained at home—and it was against my will I ever came here—I should never have thought of France; but—to have it staring in one's face all day, and not to be allowed to go; it's worse than cruel. Mr. Caudle—its's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris; but you always keep me moped up at home. And what for? Why, that I may know nothing—yes; just on purpose to make me look little, and for nothing else.

“Heaven bless the woman? Ha! you've good reason to say that, Mr. Caudle; for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere—oh yes! that's your old excuse,—talking of the children. I want to go to France, and I should like to know what the children had to do with it! They're not babies now—are they? But you've always thrown the children in my face. If Miss Prettyman—there now; do you hear what you've done—shouting in that manner! The other lodgers are knocking overhead: who do you think will have the face to look at 'em to-morrow morning? I shan't—breaking people's rest in that way!

“Well, Caudle—I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are!—tell me, shall I go to France.

“I forget,” says Caudle, “my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go somewhere—whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place—she went to sleep.”

A PAINFUL DISCOVERY.—I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking, indeed, to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me in the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had sent it to me, and who doubtless concluded, that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend. “Why do you not speak?” I cried; “Pray let me have the book.” This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not, in my weak state, be allowed to read. “But,” I said in great astonishment, “Why do you write to me, why not speak? Speak, speak.” Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—“You are deaf.”

Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, has at length completed, at Rome, the statue of Queen Victoria, which is to be placed in Buckingham Palace. The Roman public have been admitted to view it, and the best judges of art declare it to be Mr. Gibson's *chef d'œuvre*, and a great triumph of art over the difficulties of the subject.

ELECTRICITY AND AGRICULTURE.—Dr. Foster, Findrassie House, near Elgin, has addressed a letter to the *Scotsman* in which he states that numerous trials of electricity as an auxiliary to agriculture, “fully bear out the great benefit derived from this agent.” A number of experiments, he says, are now proceeding with, in all parts of Britain.

Wounded Prisoners at Salamanca.—In the afternoon I walked to see the prisoners who had been taken by the English hussars on the previous day, all of whom bore a very martial appearance, and many of their countenances were so covered with hair that it was difficult to distinguish their features. One man, in particular, had a long beard which reached down to his middle; he wore a brass helmet surmounted with tiger's skin. One hundred of these dragoons who had not been wounded were assembled to march in the rear. Their officer maintained a profound silence, and looked angry and highly indignant, with a large stick over his shoulder, stuck through the middle of a four-pound Spanish loaf. The whole of the captured, raw-boned horses, were huddled together in a court-yard, and bore evident marks of bad provender, escort duties, marches and counter marches, and nearly the whole of them had the most horrible sore backs, almost frying in the sun, while innumerable flies settled on and irritated the poor animals. A number of English medical officers were busily employed dressing the wounds of the French cavalry: some of them were of a most shocking description from sabre cuts in their heads and faces. A Frenchman of enormous stature lay extended with a dreadful thrust from a pike, which had been inflicted by a cruel Guerilla, some hours after he had surrendered himself a prisoner. A medical officer was on his knees trying to bleed him, and held his wrist, moving his arm gently, having made an incision in hopes of causing the blood to flow; but, every effort to save his life was useless. The dying soldier nodded thanks to the doctor, and soon after expired. Maxwell's Peninsular Sketches.

DEATH OF EARL GREY.

The venerable and distinguished nobleman and statesman whose name stands at the head of this article is numbered with the dead. His lordship, respecting whose health alarming accounts had recently reached London and elsewhere, died at his seat, at Howick Hall, Northumberland, on Thursday last, in the 82d year of his age.

The deceased nobleman was a lineal descendant of the Greys, of Werke, a very ancient Northumbrian family. His immediate ancestor was Lieut. Gen Sir Charles Grey, who, for his eminent military services, was in 1801, raised to the peerage, as Baron Grey de Howick, and, in 1806, to the dignity of an earl. His lordship died November 14, 1807, in his 80th year; thus transmitting his titles and estates to the distinguished nobleman whose death we now record.

The noble earl was born on the 13th of March, 1765. He received his education first at Eton, and subsequently at King's College, Cambridge, where he acquired as much sound learning as is usually attained by the eldest sons of wealthy noblemen. At the age of 18 he passed over to the continent, with a view of making the tour of Europe. In the course of his tour he fell in with the late Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and succeeded in so deeply interesting the royal duke, that he received a distinguished appointment in his household, and had thus facilities of introduction to the principal foreign courts. He returned to England in 1786, and was shortly afterwards returned as a representative for the county of Northumberland, in parliament. He immediately joined the whig party, then in opposition, under Fox. His first speech was delivered in the debate on Mr. Pitt's commercial treaty with France. The oratorical talents which he displayed on this occasion secured him a foremost position in the house. During the same session, which was his first, he was named one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings; and from that time we find him taking a leading part in the debates.

In 1792, Mr. Grey became a member of the Whig Club, and, shortly afterwards, of the great political confederation known as the "Friends of the people;" the avowed object of which was to obtain a reform in the system of parliamentary representation. At the head of this formidable association stood the principal members of the whig party. Mr. Fox, however, declined to enrol his name among them, observing, "Though I perceive great and enormous abuses, I do not see the remedy." The society, however, continued to grow in numbers, and to increase in influence. A series of resolutions, passed at the meetings, and a declaration of the principles and objects of the society, were printed and extensively circulated. On the 30th of April, Mr. Grey gave notice, in the house of commons, of a motion which, in the course of the next session, he should submit to the consideration of the house; the object of which was a reform in the representation of the people. The debate which arose on the motion when it was brought forward in the following session, and the struggles to which the desire in the country for the attainment of the object gave rise, which were continued for numerous years, are matters of history. The contest was severe and protracted. Its progress was occasionally interrupted by various circumstances; but, like a river, the current of which has received a temporary check, on the removal of the obstructions, the onward course of public opinion was accelerated, and, at length, resistless. In all these struggles with the adherents of parliamentary corruption, Mr. Grey was distinguished for his firm adherence to the cause of reform; and the wisdom of his counsels and the eloquence of his advocacy were conspicuous.

In January, 1806, Mr. Pitt died, and Mr. Fox was called to the administration of public affairs. Mr. Grey, who, by the elevation of his father to the peerage, had become Lord Howick, was appointed first lord of the admiralty, with a seat in the cabinet. In October following, the country was deprived of the eminent services of Mr. Fox. Lord Howick then became leader of the house of commons, and secretary of state for foreign affairs. The total abolition of the slave trade was proposed and carried by this administration, a measure of justice and mercy sufficiently glorious to invest its short existence with immortality. It was among its last acts. The bigot-mind of the sovereign acted upon by men of stronger intellects but of less honesty, took alarm at the attempt of ministers to remove some of the existing disabilities on Roman Catholics, and they were dismissed. Parliament was dissolved. Lord Howick, not choosing to contest the county of Northumberland, took his seat for Appleby. In 1807 he succeeded to the peerage, and took his seat in the upper house as Earl Grey. From that time until 1830, he remained steadily in opposition. He became prime minister in 1830, and, during the four years which he continued in office, he had the satisfaction of carrying the great measure to which he had devoted his life, namely parliamentary reform.

Since his retirement from office, in 1834, he has taken no part in politics, but has resided principally at Howick, in the bosom of his family. It is almost impossible for us, his contemporaries, to take a calm and dispassionate view of the career of Earl Grey; but his bitterest political opponents admit that his was essentially a great mind. Despising the petty minutiae of details, or leaving them to be arranged by his subordinate, he at once proceeded to great principles. An elegant orator, a conscientious and high-minded statesman, he carries with him to his grave the regret, the love, the veneration of his friends the respect and the admiration of those to whom he was politically opposed. The earl was married, in 1794, to the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Ponsonby, by whom he has left a numerous family—Lord Howick, who was Secretary-at-War and a member of Lord Melbourne's cabinet, succeeds to the title and estates. His lordship, now Earl Grey, has already given his country much proof that the much revered virtues of his illustrious parent will be perpetuated in the son. His elevation causes a vacancy in the representation of Sunderland.

Imperial Parliament.

ACADEMICAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

House of Commons, July 10.

The third reading was moved, when Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE moved the following resolution as an amendment—

"That a humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct an inquiry to be made into the amount of the revenues of Trinity College, Dublin, from rents of college-lands, endowments and bequests, fees on matriculation, on taking degrees, and from every other source; also into the manner in which that income is expended the number of Senior and Junior Fellows, of Professors, Scholars, and all other officers of the College, with the amount of salary and allowances to each of them, with a view to ascertain whether the income or funds at present applied solely to the benefit of Protestants in Trinity College, Dublin, might not be beneficially extended, so as to make Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters eligible, if otherwise qualified, to all Scholarships, and to all such Fellowships, Pro-

fessorships, and other offices in Trinity College. Dublin, as are not intended for ecclesiastical purposes or immediately connected with ecclesiastical endowment."

He deprecated the idea of taking money for the new Colleges from the Consolidated Fund—the pool of Bethesda, to which they always applied when the waters troubled; and proceeded to show the resources available in Trinity College. Of the Catholics, only 1 in 320,000 goes to that College; and even those Catholics who do go are cut off from emoluments. Nevertheless, it was not founded with Protestant money, but with the estates of the Roman Catholic Earl of Desmond, confiscated by Elizabeth in 1592; and it was not until forty years afterwards, in the time of Strafford, that Catholics were mentioned, and rendered ineligible for the professorships. The Fellows have been enabled to marry; and the institution has been converted into a gigantic scheme of collegiate connubiality, into which at least the Member for Oxford University (Sir Robert Inglis) could hardly resist inquiry: a rich and unmarried Fellow of Trinity College is regarded as a very good investment among the coteries of Dublin. The gross revenue he estimated at 500,000l. a year—

His data were made up partly from the *University Calendar* for 1844, and partly from the information of a gentleman a member of the University. The total income from tuition was 28,316l. a year; the amount from lands held by the College, 21,684l.; making a total of 50,000l. speaking in round numbers. Of course, if they knew the exact amount of these revenues, there would be no necessity for the motion. Of this amount the money spent in prizes and scholarships was 4,400l.; it was said that the Fellows after the expenses of the College were defrayed, shared the revenue among them. The senior members had 2,000l. or 3,000l. a year; the junior members 1,500l. a year. But, not satisfied with these emoluments, the Fellows laid violent hands on several of the professorships: one of the senior Fellows was Regius Professor of Greek—a mere sinecure; and not only that, he was also a Catechist and the Professor of Oratory. Another Fellow was a Catechist and Professor of Moral Philosophy. These professorships were paid by large fixed salaries.

Mr. Osborne gave some account of the course in the College, to show that it could not make very ardent divinity students. Distinctions and tests are to be abolished in the new Colleges, but they are retained in Dublin; a professorship of chemistry was lately advertised as open to candidates of all nations, but they must be Protestants. A Spaniard or a Frenchman might be appointed, but not an Irish Catholic. Under such a system, men could not but look on the Irish Roman Catholics as an inferior class. They might say that the days of Protestant ascendancy were at an end; but they would not be so as long as this University remained on its present system.

Sir THOMAS FREMANTLE opposed the motion; for which, he said, no Parliamentary grounds had been shown. Mr. Osborne asserted that the funds of the College had been misappropriated; but he did not establish any proof of the fact. With respect to the marriage of the Fellows, that was a recent arrangement, made under Earl Fortescue's government; and the present Minister had positively refused to make any such concession. The incomes of the Fellows were exaggerated; those of the senior Fellows do not exceed 1,500l. a year; a portion of that is derived from the salaries of professorships; and it must be remembered that the tutors look forward to those fellowships as a reward for their arduous services. As to Protestant ascendancy, it might as well be said that they were maintaining Roman Catholic ascendancy, because, while the landed revenue of Trinity College is 21,000l., they were endowing Maynooth College with 26,000l. a year.

Mr. WARBURTON entered into a minute account of the College and its history, to show that it had been perverted from its purpose; the charter of Elizabeth prohibiting instruction in the liberal arts at any other place in Ireland, and the property belonging to the Crown, rendered it evident that the design was to make it provide education for all the inhabitants of Ireland. He condemned the practice of permitting the Fellows to marry; since in the English Universities a rapid succession of Fellows is deemed conducive to learning. And he suggested a plan for opening the College to Roman Catholics—

The wise course would be to leave to Protestants the existing foundation and funds, so far as they are correctly applicable to Protestant purposes, and to endow new professorships and fellowships for the encouragement of learning among those Catholics who might enter the College. And with respect to the application of the funds of the College, which appeared to him to be wrongly applied by allowing the Fellows to marry and also to hold their fellowships for more than seven years after taking their degree of Master of Arts, they should be so applied as to extend the benefits of education more widely among Protestants, by doing away with those objectionable statutes which were wholly at variance with the intention of the founders.

Sir ROBERT INGLIS denied that the College was founded with Roman Catholic money—

The fact was, that it was erected on the site of the monastery of Allhallows, which at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth was vested in the Mayor and citizens of Dublin, and was by them freely granted in 1591 for the establishment of the College. And so far from its being built from the plunder of the Roman Catholic proprietors, the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, the Archbishop, and the Lords of the Council, on the 11th of March 1591, sent a circular letter to the principal gentry in every barony in Ireland urging them to contribute to the erection of this College; and although the design had to struggle with the poverty of the kingdom and the reluctance of the Popish party, yet in two days after the first stone was laid, and on the 9th of January 1593 students were admitted. So far, therefore, as related to the original foundation of the building, that at least might be said to have been as purely Protestant as any foundation which at this day the most decided in the cause of Protestantism could desire.

Mr. SHAW also defended the College. The senior fellowships, he said, were worth no more than 1,500l. a year, the junior but 1000l.; and it is a great mistake to suppose that the Fellows have little to do.

Mr. SHELL supported the motion. He advocated a mixed education; describing it as particularly desirable in Ireland, to soothe religious animosity and train the youth of different creeds in habits of friendship. But he insisted that a mixed secular education ought to be combined with a separate religious instruction; which would be quite practicable. He had urged Government to provide religious instruction—chaplains for the Protestants, Catholics, and Presbyterians; arguing by analogy, as they appointed chaplains to barracks, workhouses, and goals. But Sir James Graham evaded that argument, asking if chaplains were to be appointed for the Quakers, Unitarians, and Jews—

"You know, in point of fact, that the population of Ireland is composed of three great religious denominations; there are 500,000 Presbyterians, 40,000 Unitarians and no more, 700,000 Episcopalian Protestants, and between 7,000,-

000 and 8,000 000 of Roman Catholics. This being the state of things, why talk to me of the possibility of there being Jews, Quakers, and Unitarians in the College? You must take things as they are; you must not have recourse to imaginary ingenuity for the purpose of resisting a just application on the part of the Roman Catholics."

Referring to the appointments, he retorted upon Ministers their own argument—

"You think the Catholic Bishops were unreasonable in asking that the Professors of Metaphysics and Geology should be Catholics, that the Professor of Anatomy should be a Catholic. You said it was monstrous. But you do not think it at all monstrous that in the University of Dublin the Professor of Metaphysics must be a Protestant, that the Professor of Anatomy must be a Protestant."

Ministers asked for "confidence:" without referring to the State trials or to their appointment of Bishops, Judges, or Magistrates, he contented himself with referring to a single but most important fact—

"Fifteen years have elapsed since you carried the Catholic question; and the statesman by whom that great measure was bravely achieved (I have never omitted an opportunity to say so) is now the Prime Minister, with a great majority. There are 8,000 000 of Catholics in Ireland; but there is not a single Roman Catholic in office connected with the Government—not a single Roman Catholic who has a right to go to the Castle or go to the Home office and say, 'You are mistaken; take a different course.' It was not so with the Whigs. Sir Michael O'Loughlin, and Chief Baron Wolfe—of each of whom I may say, *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit, multi flebilior quam mihi*—the present Judge Ball, a man at the top of his profession, and Mr. Pigott, were the Attorneys-General of Ireland under the Whigs. The Attorney-General in Ireland is a great officer. Upon almost every subject he is consulted: no man knows it better than the First Lord of the Treasury, who was in intimate and familiar intercourse with Mr. Saurin. The Whigs had the opportunity of consulting men in contact with the great Catholic community. You have none. When you were preparing this bill—a bill intended for the Catholics of Ireland—when did you, whom could you consult? You may tell me the Catholics of Ireland do not support you; consider whether that be your fault or ours."

Mr. Sheil adduced evidence to prove that Queen Elizabeth's charter did not contemplate exclusively Protestant uses for Trinity College—

"In the recital of that statute it is stated, that the object was 'to promote the better education and instruction of scholars and of students: it was general education, not an ecclesiastical institution, that was intended.'"

"In the fifth volume of Lord Bacon's Works as published by Mr. Basil Montague, and in an essay entitled *The Queen's service in Ireland*, Lord Bacon, at page 175, recommends toleration to the Catholics. After saying, that 'in policy, there is no doubt that to wrestle with the Catholics now is directly opposite to their reclaiming, and cannot but continue their alienation of mind from the Government,' he proceeds to advise 'the recontaining and replenishing the College begun at Dublin;' and concludes with the following remarkable injunction, in which so much wisdom is contained—'It is true what was anciently said, that a state is contained in two words, *præmium* and *pæna*; and I am persuaded, if a penny in the pound which hath been spent in *pæna*, without fruit or emolument to this state, had been spent in *præmium*, that is in rewarding, things had never grown to this extremity. The keeping of the principal Irish persons in terms of contentment, and generally the carrying on an even course between the English and the Irish as if they were one nation, is one of the best medicines of that state; and for other points of contentment, the care and education of their children, and the like points of comfort and allurements, they are things which fall within every man's consideration.' Now, Sir, I think that if you couple the recital in the charter of Queen Elizabeth with the passage written by the great man to whom I have referred, you cannot but come to the conclusion, that it was not intended, at least by Lord Bacon, that Roman Catholics should be excluded from the University of Dublin."

It is not on such grounds, however, that the question ought to be discussed; but on those of justice. He gave practical instances of injustice in the working of the system. There are seventy scholarships, in which the scholars have lodging and commons for a nominal sum, with 10*l.* a year at first and 40*l.* a year in the last three years: those scholarships are exclusively Protestant. Mr. Mackie, a distinguished teacher, whose pupils attribute their successes to him, and who has attained a position equivalent to that of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, is a Catholic; and therefore he is deprived of his scholarship and fellowship—

"So long as you keep up Trinity College in its supremacy, you will make your measure of academical education for all political purposes an entire failure. Your provincial academies will be marked with all the characteristics of mediocrity; which will only render the elevation of Trinity College more conspicuous by the inferiority with which it will be surrounded. How stunted and dwarfed the groves of our new academies, when compared with the rich luxuriance of the gardens of Trinity! I had a thousand times rather you had applied your 18,000*l.* a year to the establishment of new fellowships and new professorships in the metropolitan and national institutions; because, if you had so done, Englishmen would have got a value—a value in peace, a value in contentment, a value in pacificatory results—for their money. Now you measure for political purposes—I say for 'political purposes,' for I won't deny that the advantages of education will be distributed to a certain extent—but your measure, though for political purposes it may partially succeed, yet as a measure of peace it will be a failure."

Mr. Sheil supposed that Robert Peel were a native of Ireland, barred from Trinity College, from effectual benefit in trial by jury, and demanding Repeal: then, being told that Repeal could not be granted, suppose he were asked, "What can we do for you?" would he not demand equality—equality in all respects—social, political, official, ecclesiastical, academical equality?

"You know in your heart—you know that that would be your answer. You know that nothing else would satisfy you; you know that nothing else will or ought to satisfy us; and I will tell you at this the close of this fifth session of your Parliament, that if that equality shall be withheld, all your half-measures will be in vain; and if you shall persevere in that course, I fear that if you delay, by your fatal procrastination the country will be brought to such a pass that at last a terrible outbreak will take place—the passions of the people will burst in a fatal eruption. England will put it down—I know it. You will have established what you call 'peace'; but with your tranquillity desolation will be associated, and you will convert one of the finest islands of the ocean into a solitude, in which the rights, the liberties, and the hopes of the country, and

the honour, the character, and the virtue of the other, will be entombed for ever" (*Much cheering.*)

Sir ROBERT PEEL contended that he and his colleagues had exerted themselves to promote equality in Ireland; and in so doing, had braved, he feared, the majority of the people in this country. To establish that fact, he described the increased and liberal Maynooth grant, bestowed without restrictions or conditions, with a sum for improving the building. If it was not proposed to appoint Roman Catholic chaplains under the College Act, as little was it proposed to appoint Protestant chaplains.

He had admitted that secular instruction would be imperfect without religious instruction; and he believed the best mode of effecting this would be to give every facility of affording it without exciting jealousy, by placing it under the control of the heads of the institutions and calling upon the parents of the young persons attending those institutions to furnish their assistance, and to select the persons whom they wished to impart religious instruction, and the respective Churches to provide aid for the purpose. This might be an erroneous proceeding on the part of the Government, but still the principle on which the institution was founded was that of perfect equality, and he believed for the first time. They had endeavoured to found these institutions on a principle which would be generally acceptable. They had hoped they had attained that object; but they had been deceived. The opinion of the Roman Catholic Prelates was against them; and he admitted that their sanction and assent was almost essential to success.

He appealed also to the way in which the Charitable Bequests Act had been carried out, as showing the conciliatory disposition of Government; and he had reason to believe that among the Roman Catholic laity there was a strong feeling of approbation at the conduct of Government. He regretted Mr. Sheil's speech, on account of the use that might be made of it in this country—

It would be said, See how unavailing all attempts are to conciliate the Catholics of Ireland. Regardless of the warnings, the feelings, and fears of their friends, they hoped by proposing certain measures that they could make an impression on the Irish mind; but instead of this, the leading Roman Catholic Member in the House of Commons gets up and tells them, that unless they went ten times as far as they had yet gone, they would have an insurrection in Ireland. This, he believed, was not the feeling of the Irish people: he believed that the Government, by its proceedings, had made an impression on the feelings of the Irish people.

With respect to the Dublin College, he contended that it was meant to be exclusively Protestant: for though it was not so declared in express terms, the state of the laws at the time must be taken along with the charter; and whatever the charter, the College had been for two hundred years connected with the Established Church. Yet because Ministers did not open it to the Roman Catholics, they were charged with want of equality! Sir Robert cited petitions from the gentry and clergy of Galway, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, approving of a College in that quarter; and as he asked whether the same harmony would be evinced if the Protestants were deprived of their privileges? He then fell to attacking the form of the resolution, for its clumsy style. He was interrupted by Mr. Osborne, who said that he had not himself drawn up the resolution; and Sir Robert therefore abstained from further "torturing" Mr. Osborne on that score. He finished by recalling to mind how he had sacrificed the representation of Oxford, and risked the alienation of friends, because he was determined to do justice to the Roman Catholics; declaring that there was still no sacrifice that he would not make to do justice between them and the Protestants and to promote harmony.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL admitted great merits in the bill; but pointed out that the higher kind of education is to be obtained solely at the Dublin College, presided over by a body exclusively Protestant; and that, he insisted, is not equality. The way to give equality would have been, either to make a separate institution for Roman Catholics, or to open to them so much of Trinity College as is of a secular nature. There are difficulties in the way of all Governments; one difficulty to the present Government consists in their own past acts: but if they were to tell the people of England that it was necessary to work out the principle of equality, whether as regards ecclesiastical education or political and civil advantages, the difficulties would soon vanish—

"The people of England would see the justice of that policy. They do not so easily see the justice of a proposition which comes piecemeal before them. They do not see the advantage of endowing Maynooth solely for the education of Catholic priests; they do not see the advantage of a system of education from which religion is totally excluded. The propositions, coming singly before them, do not strike them with the force that they would do if you were to bring the whole condition of Ireland before this House and the country, and were to say that you are determined to act according to the principles of justice."

The House divided—For Mr. Osborne's amendment, 91; against it, 168; Ministerial majority, 77.

The House divided again on the original motion; which was affirmed by 177 to 26; majority for the third reading, 151. The bill was read a third time, and passed.

USURY-LAWS.

House of Commons, July 17.

On the third reading of the Bill of Exchange Bill, Mr. Milner Gibson moved a proviso to be added to the first clause. The object of the bill was the continuance of an act passed in 1839, abolishing the Usury-laws as to the bills of exchange and loans above the value of £10. The bill contained a proviso exempting from its operation "lands, tenements, and hereditaments": money could not be raised on those at more than 5 per cent. Now his proviso was for the purpose of abolishing that exemption: his object was to give a more free scope to the system of legislation which had now continued for two-and-twenty years. Mr. Gibson quoted the Report of the Committee of 1818 on the Usury-laws, and the evidence of Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir Edward Sugden—all pronouncing those laws injurious to the landed interests, as they are evaded by persons who must raise money, in a disadvantageous way, by the colourable purchase of annuities instead of contracting loans. The fact is, that they are the remnant of a barbarous system of legislation; and ought to be abolished now that we have satisfactory experience of the working of an opposite system.

Mr. WILLIAMS agreed that there was no ground for exempting landed property; but argued that the Usury-laws ought not to be suspended at all, as the small traders and shopkeepers need protection—

In 1839, a period of pressure on the money-market, it was a common thing to charge on bills 15, 20, and even 30 per cent. They could not look at an-

cient or modern history without admitting the evils caused by usury. What was more strongly denounced in Scripture? (*An ironical cry of "Hear!"*) Perhaps the honourable gentleman who cheered disallowed that authority! He would suggest that the bill be limited to one year's duration, in order to allow time for inquiry.

Mr GOULBURN said, that the exempting clause had been allowed to sleep for several previous renewals of the bill; and he was not now inclined, at the close of a session of Parliament, to embark the House in an extended discussion of the principle. Many persons, however, it was well known, had been saved from ruin by having the opportunity of borrowing for a short period and at a high rate of interest, the sums of money of which they stood in need.

Mr F. T. BARING collected that Mr Goulburn was not adverse to the principle of the clause; and he suggested, that if the Government, in a future session would consent to the appointment of a Committee to examine into the effect of the Usury laws on the landed interest, and have an inquiry into their operation, it would be better for the present to pass the bill without the clause. Such an inquiry would show that those who are "exempted" are really put to great inconvenience by exemption.

Sir ROBERT PEEL agreed that experience had proved the greatest advantage to have arisen from the relaxation of the Usury-laws. He did not believe that the prohibition was a benefit to the landed interest, but it would nevertheless be better to remove it by dint of inquiry and conviction than on a sudden. He thought that a Select Committee might be advantageously appointed next year to inquire what the operation of the Usury-laws was upon the real interests of the land.

Mr WARBURTON, and other Members friendly to the amendment, counselled Mr Gibson to remain satisfied with the result of the discussion, and to withdraw his proviso. Mr Gibson did so; and the bill was read a third time, and passed.

JEWISH DISABILITIES

House of Commons, July 17.

Sir ROBERT PEEL moved the second reading of the Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill; which came down to the House, he said, recommended by the almost unanimous support of the other branch of the Legislature. The object of the bill is to remove every impediment whatever to the admission of members of the Jewish persuasion to municipal offices. He explained what the impediment is—

"The impediment exists in consequence of the enactment which passed in 1828 for the purpose of repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, and substituting in their room a declaration to be made in lieu of the sacramental test and other declarations which were previously required. Generally, the declaration is to be made subsequent to appointment to office; and, therefore, the passing of the Annual Indemnity Act relieved those who might be disqualified from the consequences of not making the declaration. But with respect to corporate officers, the enactment of 1828 was, that the declaration substituted for the sacramental test was to be within one month before admission to office, or upon admission to office. Now, serious doubts have arisen from time to time as to the proper construction of these words; and I believe that it has been held by the Court of Queen's Bench, that the law would be satisfied if the declaration were made after admission to office; but upon appeal to the Court of Exchequer Chamber that judgment was reversed, and the law laid down that the declaration to be made in the case of municipal officers must be made either previously to or upon admission to office. In consequence of this, it rests with the authorities of the Municipal Corporation, if they think fit, to require the Jew to make the declaration previously to the acceptance of a corporate office. Now, the practice of so requiring the declaration to be made has not been universal throughout the country. In Portsmouth, I believe, a Jew is a member of the Corporation, because the ruling authorities of that corporate body have not required the taking of the declaration on his admission to office. In Birmingham and Southampton Jews are also members of the Corporation; consequently the law itself appears uncertain, at least it was uncertain till finally ruled by the Court of Appeal. The object of the present bill, therefore, is to introduce a uniform practice, and to remove by law the impediments to a Jew holding a municipal office, which the Corporation may now at their discretion impose." Sir Robert Peel mentioned instances in which Jews have been admitted to higher offices; one of the Rothschilds, Sir Moses Montefiore, and Mr. Cohen, having filed the posts of Deputy-Lieutenant and County Magistrate. "Mr. Salomons was elected Sheriff of Middlesex; but there was a doubt whether or not the declaration ought not to be made either previous to or upon acceptance of office. In the year 1835 Parliament altered the law in that respect expressly exempting the office of Sheriff from the act of 1828, and permitting its duties to be performed without making the declaration, giving a period of six months from the time of taking office for making it. Mr. Salomons discharged the duties of Sheriff of Middlesex in a manner that gained him the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens, and he became a candidate for the office of Alderman: by their choice he was elected; and then this impediment arising out of the statute took effect, and he was excluded from the office of Alderman, because he objected to making the declaration previous to or on acceptance of the office. I submit to the House that this statement of facts alone is almost sufficient to justify this measure." The bill of 1828 contained this declaration, proposed by Sir Robert Peel himself—"I, A. B., do solemnly declare I will never exercise any power, authority, or influence I possess in virtue of my office, to injure or weaken the Church as by law established within this realm, or to disturb the possession of the rights and privileges to which it is by law entitled." This was altered in the House of Lords, to begin thus—"I, A. B., do solemnly, and in the presence of God, testify and declare, on the true faith of a Christian, &c.: the words thus inserted—"on the faith of a Christian," constitute the impediment to the Jew. After the insertion of these words, it was thought unwise to reject the bill on that account. "I doubt whether the words were inserted purposely to disqualify a Jew from holding office. However, the House of Lords now make a proposal to us to restore the bill to the state in which it was sent from the House of Commons; and I hope the House will favourably receive this proposition. The act of 1828 was clearly intended to relieve Dissenters; but as far as the Jew is concerned, he is in a worse state than he was before. The bill proposes to enable Jews to make the same declaration in substance, only relieving them from the necessity of declaring when they make it that it is 'on the true faith of a Christian.'" Sir Robert concluded with this allusion to the great body of Jews, from whom, earlier in the evening, he had presented a petition in favour of the bill—"Considering what the benevolence of that body is, a benevolence not restricted by narrow sectarian views—looking at their patronage of art, and the rewards and distinctions they have gained when they have entered on the honourable career of academical study in the University of London—looking at

the several claims of the Jews to a favourable contemplation of their case, I feel a personal gratification in proposing a measure which will give them unrestricted admission to municipal offices, and at the same time be acceptable to the feelings of this great and powerful portion of our fellow subjects."

Sir ROBERT INGLIS moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months. He thought that Sir Robert Peel had committed a great historical and legal error—

He had led the House to believe that the disabilities of which the Jews complained were to a certain degree created by the act of 1828, and the declaration under it as modified by the House of Lords. But nothing was more clear than this, that up to 1828 no Jew was ever admitted to any corporate office whatever in any town or city in England. He doubted if ever they were admitted, except by oath upon some Christian symbol, the cross, or something held in reverence by Christians. It had been concluded that the House of Lords altered the declaration without consideration: his impression was, that, right or wrong, they made the alteration for the purpose to which the alteration was applied. The present bill was not limited in any way, and included all of the Jewish religion; it was, in fact, a naturalization bill for the whole of the Jewish people. There was nothing in the act to prevent a German Jew from holding office in the city of London, and this without taking any oath whatever, and without giving security to the Queen or his fellow citizens that he is disposed to bear true allegiance to the Queen and conduct himself with propriety in the daily business of life. The late liberal Dr. Arnold made this strong distinction between the case of the Jews and every sect of Christians, in regard to claims of admission to public office—"The Jews are strangers in England; and they have no more claim to legislate for us than a lodger has to interfere in the concerns of his landlord. They are voluntary strangers here, and have no right to legislate unless they acquiesce in our moral law, which is the Gospel." Within the last six months, an instance had occurred of what the Jews would do if they were admitted to a voice in public affairs. The Governor of Charleston, Mr. Hammond, on an occasion calling for gratitude to the Supreme Being, thought it his duty to call on his people for a public expression of thankfulness, and issued a proclamation to that effect, in which he introduced the name of our Saviour in reverent terms. The Jews complained of this, and besieged him with letters charging him with having violated the laws of the State, on the ground that these laws expressly excluded all reference to any form of religion on the part of the Government; whereas, by the language of his proclamation, he had manifested a preference for Christianity. In like manner, the Jews, if placed in a situation to do so with effect, might complain of our laws for the observance of the Lord's Day. He never would consent to a measure which was incompatible with our duties as a Christian people—to introduce an element which would render the working of a Christian constitution impossible.

Mr. PLUMTRE seconded the motion. Those for whose opinions he had the greatest respect considered this measure as being of a piece with other measures introduced by the Government in the last and in the present session—disreputable to the Legislature, injurious to the national interests, and calculated to lose the favour of the Most High.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL supported the motion. Mr. Plumtre evidently thought that political power ought to be confined to those who held the same opinions as the majority of the House of Commons. By referring to the measures which had been passed in favour of those differing on religious subjects from the great body of the people, as likely to incur the displeasure of the Most High, he clearly showed that he would confine political power to the Church of England; and thus he took the narrowest ground of intolerance. Lord John, on the contrary, believed that such measures would draw down upon them the blessing of the Most High. He admitted, however, with Sir Robert Inglis, that the House of Lords formerly meant to exclude Jews from office; but now the Peers themselves propose that the exclusion should be abolished. Sir Robert Inglis said that the bill would lead to further claims from the Jews. Lord John admitted that it would; he thought they ought to claim further privileges—

"When I consider that these men were born in this country, that they perform all the duties of subjects of the Queen, that they contribute to the wealth of the country, and are neither disaffected nor disobedient to the laws; and when, further, I hear it admitted, even by my honourable friend (Sir Robert Inglis,) that they are liberal and charitable beyond most classes of Christians in their contributions to relieve the needy and indigent who are not of their own persuasion,—I cannot but say that I think they have a right to claim these privileges, and that it would be unjust to withhold them. My honourable friend says, that the bill is so drawn that aliens might enjoy the privileges which it confers. Why, that matter is still left under the general law. This bill would give no more rights to a German Jew than it would give to a German Christian. The measure relates only to the case of subjects of her Majesty who may fairly claim all the rights and privileges of British subjects. My honourable friend says that the Jews are a nation, and that they value their position as that of a nation: but whether they be a nation or not, we know that they do in fact perform all their duties as individuals; and it matters not whether they be called or whether they are a nation or not, so long as they are living in obedience to the laws. We have nothing to do with the question whether a gentleman calls the people to whom he belongs a 'nation,' a 'sect,' or a 'persuasion.' The Jews are, in fact, as they at present exist, just as much as the Welsh or the Scotch, a part of the nation to which the laws apply. Supposing any one of them to come under the purview of any of your laws, or to be subject to any civil action or criminal indictment, you would not give him any benefit if he said, 'I belong to another nation—I am not an Englishman!' and as in such cases the Jews would fall under the consequences or penalties of the laws, you ought to give them the privileges and benefits conferred by the laws upon other subjects." Sir Robert Inglis reminded him of a somewhat irreverent comparison which he had heard Mr. Dugald Stewart use; "Mr. Dugald Stewart said, that the University of Oxford which had not made any great progress in science and knowledge, while such progress had gradually increased elsewhere, reminded him of a ship or barge moored in the midst of a rapid current, by which you might measure the rapidity of the current which was passing by. So we find not unfrequently, with my honourable friend moored and anchored in the midst of the current, that we are passing by while he remains in his fixed position." (Laughter.)

Lord John proceeded to remark, that Sir Robert Inglis would no longer have the aid of Mr. Gladstone, whose absence he regretted; or Mr. Goulburn, whose silence he admired. He would not allow Sir Robert Inglis to take advantage of Dr. Arnold's fanciful theory about exclusion of the Jews, unless he would subscribe to the whole plan: Dr. Arnold contemplated a state with a large comprehensiveness of religious doctrine, taking into one Christian community all denominations of Christians—Roman Catholics, and Dissenters of every

kind. Lord John hailed the measure as one calculated to extend the charitable feelings by which the members of the community ought to be united.

Mr. TRELAWNEY supported the bill, as an instalment; Mr. Monckton Milnes, as being, by its example, likely to serve persons of the Jewish persuasion in other parts of the world.

The House divided: and the second reading was affirmed by 91 to 11.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10 a 101 percent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

DELIVERY OF OUR PRESENTATION PLATE.—We are happy to announce that our new Plate of "Sir Walter Scott in his Study at Abbotsford" is now ready for delivery. In the course of the ensuing week we shall be able to get it into the hands of the greater number of our Town Subscribers. Our friends in the country will receive it with all possible dispatch, and as our travelling agents are now well provided with copies they will deliver them in and near the line of their routes in a safe and perfect condition.

We beg to remind our friends that our plate is executed in the highest order and most expensive style of Engraving, that is, in *Line* manner, and that too with a care and delicacy which we believe cannot be surpassed in this country; we flatter ourselves it will shortly be found an approved decoration of the apartments of those who shall possess it.

The congregated "Wisdom of the Nation," as expressed by the Commons House of Parliament seems vastly puzzled at this juncture particularly in those points which affect its public utility, and its privileges, its power over the particular members who may be inclined to be refractory, and its legislative purity. Now these are matters of such palpable importance that one would think the honourable house, as with one determination and voice, would without delay set about the task of having them clearly defined, understood, and acted upon. Every day is producing more mystification, more squabble, more contempt, upon these subjects, and it is plain that the House of Commons, the Representatives of the People, will both lose their ground in the public estimation and their force in the work of legislation, if they long continue to dally with the British courts of justice, the people without, or the members within.

The affair with the Courts of Justice is by this time familiar in every recollection, yet the principles of difference between them and the honourable house are by no means clearly understood by the public. They are worthy of a few moments' consideration. Privilege—the privileges of the house—form the matter of dispute. So far as we are aware the chief privileges of the House of Commons are the following:—Freedom of speech in debate, the right of judging and deciding in the cases of contested elections, the immunity of its members from arrest on civil suits during the session of Parliament and during a certain number of days preceding and following each session (amounting in fact though not in law, to an immunity of that kind so long as a person continues to be a member), the right of regulating its own internal affairs and forms, and the right to summon persons to its bar to give information or to answer enquiries tending to forward the purposes of legislation on either public or private bills. It can commit to the custody of its Sergeant at Arms either a member or an individual subject for contempt; but we believe that its outward privileges extend no farther. It can decide that evidence shall be printed for the use of the members, but it cannot authorise the exemption of that evidence from libel, should that evidence go forth in printed form to the world and contain matter injurious and false to persons affected thereby. It should always be borne in mind that examinations and evidence before the House of Commons is not upon oath—happily for the constitution—consequently an injured person has not a remedy against a false witness through the house, because there being no oath there is no perjury, and the injured person must therefore bring his action for defamation or other injury through the law courts. It is reasonable that all the members of the house should be put in possession of all the particulars that could be elicited, in order to aid them in legislation; it is equally reasonable that the public should be protected from wantonness or the ignorance of those who not being under the dread of a solemn oath, utter more than they can prove or justify. We believe then the courts, with Lord Denman at the head of them, have the best and the truth of the argument; we trust it will continue so, and we hope that the honourable house will at an early day consider, modify, and justify their position with regard to the country, for it is true, as De Lolme observes, that the constitution will be in danger whenever the House of Commons shall possess itself of executive power.

But whilst it is thus endeavouring to control the whole nation, the house of Commons seems almost unable to control its own refractory members; else how does it happen that in a busy session—busy beyond example—several members continue away from their places during the portion of the session, and, when they do come tardily into the hall of legislation, point blank refuse to take upon themselves any share of the labors of committee, though urgent the importance of their help? Is it that the recusant members, considering themselves representatives of Irish constituencies, believe themselves exempt from taking part in mere English matters, and are they virtually acting as Repealers in advance of their pet theory? If such be the case and they have right on their side we have greatly misunderstood the English constitution thereon. In common parlance, we admit, that even in the House we hear of

such expressions as "the honorable member for Mayo," "the honorable member for Exeter," &c. &c., but in very truth it should be "from Mayo," "from Exeter," &c. The house of Commons is supposed to contain the *combined wisdom of the nation*, as set forth by representatives, sent there by the several divisions thereof whose bounds are legally ascertained. Each member is either sent from that part of the country which elects him, because they know his principles, his talents, his influence, or from other satisfactory cause, or, if a stranger personally, because they are presumed to have sufficient reasons for approving him: but the moment he enters the House of Commons he ceases to be the representative of a section, he is one of his country's legislators, he is to assist in doing the business of the country at large, and it is a gross dereliction of duty wilfully to neglect or to refuse to do his best and utmost. It is customary for a constituency to have its parliamentary business, such as bills or petitions, go through its own representative, but the latter may refuse to do either if he do not approve, and he is not reproachable for such refusal. Be it understood also that as a person may be a candidate without either his knowledge or his will, and may even be elected without either his knowledge or his will, so he may refuse, if he please, to take the seat to which he has been so elected; but once there, of his own free will and acceptance, he is bound to do his utmost as a member of *Parliament*. He cannot retract, he is not at liberty to withdraw; should he repent ever so much, his only chance of getting back into private life consists in a legal fiction—the acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, which is nominally a place under Government, and causes the seat of the acceptor to be thereby vacated. Viewed then in this manner as *one assembly*, aggregated from several assigned sections of the Empire, what right has any member, be he English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish, to refuse to take his part of public business—and what ought to be the consequence to one who insults his country at large, and the honorable house of which he is a voluntary member in particular? If the house have not actually and fully the means of redress for such a dereliction as this—it is high time to constitute one.

But what shall we say of the last article in our category,—that namely of the purity of our legislators? Why, simply this,—bad as the circumstances are, respecting Capt. Boldero and Mr. Bonham, and they are bad enough, it is more surprising that such instances are so rare, than that *these* should have occurred. There is hardly a man of wealth, capital, and influence, in England who has not been bitten by the monster of railway speculation, with greater or less malignancy; and it says much that out of 658 honorable members, at a period when the passion of cupidity is up in arms, and collisions of interests are perpetually occurring, two only have been found who inclined to twist their legislative position towards the accommodation of their private interests. Perhaps after all they are not the only offenders, but they must bear the brunt of the public indignation because the keen sense of popular reproof may have been a check to careless precipitancy in others. Let us look at the extent of speculative matters that have taken place during this session, let us look at human nature itself, and at the temptations which have been presented to at least seven eighths of the British legislators, and we will venture to say, that never has a body of public men come forth from the ordeal with less of scathe. The two offenders, both of whom held public offices, have unasked tendered their resignations of those offices, which have been at once accepted.

The infamous affair of Pellissier, the horrors of which, in detail, are sufficient to make the hair stand on end, has found an apologist and even a justifier, in Soult. Two and thirty years ago, we should not have been surprised at such an abettor starting up, for Soult himself was not only capable of such an act, but actually performed one at Toulouse, only one degree less in atrocity; but a life of peace since then, the experience of a third part of a century since then, his life among dignified persons and men of humanity since then, and a consciousness that there is but a short limit between his present existence and eternity, ought to have humanized him somewhat, or at least should have placed some restraint upon his blood-thirsty feelings. Out upon it! A cause so founded and so sustained cannot thrive.

The altered condition of the nation of Jews in England, and that which will ensue on the passage of the bill pending in Parliament, are strong proofs of the enlarged and liberal feeling which has sprung up within the last half-century. It will also bring into action powerful energies which hitherto have been cramped and fettered; it will introduce additional riches, and create new impulses, where even now riches abound, and exercise and labour find abundant exercise; but above all it will give a moral elevation where hitherto the prevailing feelings were an acute scorn of social degradation, it will diminish the headstrong, dogged, unqualified opposition to fair discussion on the opposed dogmata of Christian and Hebrew, and will soften asperity on both sides. We hail the approaching state of things most sincerely.

THE STEAM SHIP GREAT BRITAIN.

The pride of mechanical art, and wonder of the ocean, the immense Iron Steam Ship, *GREAT BRITAIN*, arrived in American waters on Sunday morning last, under the unerring guidance of Capt. Hoskin, and, gracefully cleaving away her passage to the old wharf allotted to the Atlantic Steamers, she arrived at her place of repose about half past 3 P. M. of that day. Repose, did we say? That was indeed an erroneous expression, she only exchanged the nature of her labours; no sooner had she ceased her groanings as impelled by winds, waves, and her all-powerful screw she flew through the fields of old ocean, than they were renewed under the pressure of thousands of feet belonging to the curious who rushed to examine the thousand admirable adaptations which constitute her beautiful whole. The throng on the Battery to greet her arrival, and the thousands who lined the wharfs on both sides of the East River

up to the place of her destination gave abundant earnest of the importunity with which she would soon be assailed; it was therefore wisely done in Capt. Hosken to advertise her for the reception of visitors without delay on Monday, as it might enable the current to slacken in time for due preparation for the return voyage.

We are happy to acknowledge the great politeness and attention of both Captain Hosken and Mr. Irvin, through which we have been able more fully to realize the facts of this stupendous nautical fabric, her peculiarities, capabilities, powers, strength, and safe-guards. These are immeasurably greater than can be believed upon mere description, or than even scientific persons can comprehend without an examination. The Great Britain, large as she is, and apparently lengthened out by the appearance of six masts in due succession between stem and stern, actually disappoints the visitor at first setting foot on her upper deck. So exquisitely is she proportioned and so much is her apparent unwieldy bulk reduced by her bulging sides, that it is only when one has gone through her numerous and capacious accommodations and observed the time required for obtaining a mere cursory glance at each, that one begins to ask "How and where are all these bestowed within the hull of a vessel." In short, like St. Paul's in London, St. Peter's in Rome, or the far famed cataract of Niagara, the magnitude of the Great Britain seems to grow upon the observer, whose last glance at this magnificent vessel is a far more dilated one than the first.

The dimensions of the Great Britain have been given in general terms by nearly every journal, and may well be omitted here; but the following additional particulars may be quoted from the description by Capt. Claxton, R. N.

From the ship's bottom to the upper deck, runs on either side, for the whole length of the engines and boiler space, a strong iron partition forming below the coal bunkers; and above, the servants' accommodation on one side, engineers' cabin and stokers' accommodations on the others, besides 26 water closets.

"She has six masts, fitted with iron rigging, adopted in consequence of its offering two thirds less resistance than hemp, a great point going head to wind. It was wished that five should have been the complement, but there was some difficulty in adjusting that number, and the alternative was either four or six. Economy of labour is a principle which has, in a great degree, affected the mode of rigging both the Great Western and the Great Britain. Nothing is so difficult to handle, under a variety of circumstances as the sails of a steamer, unless the engine be stopped, which can never be allowed in Atlantic steaming, where onwards—and for ever onwards—is the rule. The greater the number of masts, the more handy the sails, and the smaller the number of seamen required to handle them. If these ships had been rigged as ships ordinarily are, the former would require a crew of more than 100 seamen, and the latter that of a large frigate. Divided, as the canvass is, and reduced, the former only required 20 seamen before the mast, while 30 are enough for the latter. In the Great Britain there is in fact but one sail, the square mainsail, which under any circumstances, can require all hands to furl it. Five masts of the six are hinged for lowering, when, in the Captain's judgment, contrary gales shall appear to have set in, as the Westerlies do at certain seasons of the year, prevailing for months in the Atlantic. To a seaman's eye they have a look of insecurity; but if the strain which a fixed mast will stand is compensated by additional shrouding and stays, either in strength or quantity, the same end is attained. The after masts could not be stopped in the ordinary manner, on account of the space occupied by the screw shaft. In theory, the principle of lowering is evidently right, because a steam ship's masts and rigging going head to wind offer more resistance than the hull out of water, and there seems no reason to fear the result of practice.

"The displacement of the Great Britain will be less than 3000 tons when loaded, and with 1200 tons of coal on board, while the displacement of a first-rate, with all stores on board, is better than 4500 tons, although the former is more than a third the longer ship. The form of the bottom, and the difference of ten feet in the draft of water (the one drawing sixteen feet, the other five or six and twenty), and the finer lines, cause this great difference in displacement, and, consequently, of the midship section. The Great Britain's midship section is, from the same causes, less than that of a 52 gun frigate, consequently, with the same quantity of canvass, the former should sail faster than the latter, even if their lines approached to similarity; but with the Great Britain's lines more than one hundred feet longer than the frigate, and with equal stability, (of which there is no kind of doubt,) the speed in sailing alone should be much beyond that of the frigate, save when the winds are light, and the lofty sails of the frigate tell. The Great Britain, unless disabled in her machinery, will not use her canvass with a fair wind, unless it blow from a little gale up to a hurricane; all her sails, except the square and gaff-topsails, being really double thread No 1 canvass or storm sails.

"The plain sails of a 52 gun frigate, i. e. without counting royal's, staysails, and steering sails, number something short of 5000 yards of canvass, and the plain sails, i. e. omitting the steering sails, &c., of the Great Britain, amount to 4943 yards, or in other words they are alike in quantity. There are more points of sailing in which the centre of effort of the frigates or square rigged ships canvass will tell better, but there are some in which the low canvass of the steamer will have the advantage, and no steamer has any business with lofty spars or flying kites. If circumstances should bring the Great Britain to canvass alone, as her motive power, she will do as well or better than her neighbours, although the screw will stop her way perhaps fifteen per cent. In such an emergency the Captain would disconnect it, and it would revolve then in the proportion due to the ship's way, or not impede her as if it were a fixture.

"She carries four large life boats of iron, and two boats of wood, in the davits, and one large life boat on deck; they are built according to a patent, taken out by Mr. Guppy, and are capable of carrying 400 people."

"The Great Britain is built with lapped joints in preference to flush, the first system adopted in iron ship building, representing carvel-built ships. The lapped joint is the method employed for clinch or clincher built vessels. Trials were made at the Company's Works of the comparative strength of the two methods, and the lapped joint was stronger by one-fifth of the whole strength. It is obvious that for the purpose of resisting lateral pressure or blows of the sea, on the broadside, it must be better than the flush system, where all the strain must be thrown upon the ribs, beams, and decks, the latter horizontally, while, with the over-lapping joint, in addition to that resis-

tance, the plates themselves bear against and assist each other in resisting a pressure great in proportion to the length of a vessel. In pitching or dropping each lap resists a little, and the combined resistance of as many edges as in heavy weather may meet the water would be equal to that of a flat surface of eight or nine inches on each side of the bow or quarter. In flush jointing, the butt plates inside for receiving rivets would, for double rivetting, have to be twice the depth of the lap of the joint in the other system, consequently a great additional quantity of iron would be required for the whole length of each seam, or in the Great Britain about 18,000 feet of iron, 6 in. by 1, and double the number of rivets, an addition in weight of nearly 100 tons. Flush rivetting, however, has its advocates, and one advantage over the other, which is that each plate rests on its fellow, like the planks of a ship, and not upon the rivets; but this again is more than counterbalanced by the facilities for caulking.

"Another great advantage has not been noticed by writers generally, if at all, although in the Report to the Directors, in 1838, already alluded to, it is strongly urged, viz., the comparative safety in ice. Not a year passes that dozens of ships are not sunk from striking against small floes of ice, which float so nearly level with the water as not to be always visible in the night. Iron sailing vessels, and steamers fitted with screws, may fearlessly keep up their speed and continue on their course when it would be rash to venture wood built ships or paddle-wheels; the former have, in point of fact, only to keep clear of downright icebergs and closely-packed ice, while the latter run some risk with a piece of the size of a jolly boat."

"The Great Britain is divided into compartments to each of which the engine-pumps, by the means of pipes and cocks, can be applied. The water tight divisions of each compartment, add greatly to the strength of the ship, either as struts or ties. All steamers, whether on the score of humanity, or for the preservation of property, ought to be so divided, for if a vessel be divided, into five or six compartments, and any one of them should from accident fill, her buoyancy would only be slightly affected. If two compartments filled, and those two were not at the extreme, the other compartments would still keep her afloat. If two consecutive compartments, either forward or aft, filled, it is certain if she went down head or stern foremost that she would be sometime about it, long enough, probably, to give time for all the boats to be got in readiness."

The Great Britain was well tried within British waters—as indeed so novel an enterprise upon so large a scale most justly ought—and it is well known that the British and the St. George's Channels in the winter season can offer good means of testing. These trials, which have been extensively and deliberately pursued, more than realized the expectations of all who had concern in her structure or in the application of the new propulsive power. Her trip to the British Metropolis alone was conclusive of her sufficiency, and tens of thousands of visitors gave testimony of their unbounded admiration. Having satisfied in some measure the general curiosity at home, she at length commenced the career for which she was ultimately destined, leaving for New York on Saturday 26th July at 4 P. M. A friend of ours who came out in her, states that never in his life did he see so great a concourse of people assembled to witness a sight, nor so magnificent a scene as the Mersey presented on that occasion. He states that there could not be fewer persons assembled on the shores, at every vantage point of view, than 150,000; the harbour, roads, and river were all gaily decked by the appearance of the shipping there; between thirty and forty steamers attended the departure of the great Mammoth "skimmer of the seas" each being filled to repletion with ladies and gentlemen and each carrying an excellent band of music. These steamers accompanied the Great Britain many miles, till she was about immersing into blue water, when they left her to her glorious course with loud cheerings and in confident hope. Capt. Hosken must have felt proud as he traversed the decks of the leviathan under his command, conscious as he was that her smallest motions were under his control. Still more proud must he have been upon deserying, in the course of the fifteenth day the Highlands of Neversink, his old land-fall, after a voyage of head-winds and cross seas, during which, says his log "the Engines worked admirably all the way, and were never stopped until we had occasion to sound on St. George's bank."

It has been greatly feared that the application of the Screw propeller would cause much unpleasant shaking, much noise, or both; in the case of the Great Britain, not anything of the kind need be apprehended. Our friend above-mentioned, who is a sensitive, yet a sensible and observant gentleman, remarks that she is the easiest vessel in which he ever voyaged,—and he does cross the Atlantic frequently—that from her length, sharpness, and the uniformity of her motion she neither heaves nor pitches to anything like the degree attributable to either any sailing or steam vessel that he has ever known; and he winds up his opinion by remarking that were he at any future time to be about crossing the Atlantic, he would willingly accelerate or retard his departure a week, if by doing so he could make his voyage in the Great Britain.

The Great Britain brought out 43 passengers, a great proof of faith in her, upon a voyage of 3000 miles. She will depart on her return voyage on Saturday the 30th inst., and doubtless with a greatly increased number.

MONTREAL.

Having disposed of the first match of Cricket fought in friendly contest with the truly gentlemanlike eleven Canadian antagonists of the St. George's Club, we may now be allowed to say a few words of passing remark, concerning both the means of travelling from hence to Montreal, and the comforts and accommodations of that city. For two reasons this may not be entirely impertinent; in the first place Montreal being the Provincial Seat of government, must rapidly increase in splendor, consequence, and commercial interest, and become attractive to travellers from the United States, whether their objects be those of pleasure, or of business; and, secondly,—although a very minor reason—there is every probability that the friendly relations thus commenced between the Montreal and the St. George's Cricketers, may lead to at least one visit between them annually.

The expense of travelling between New York and Montreal is now reduced

to a mere trifle, almost inconsiderable to either the man of business, or the man of pleasure; to the former however, there is another circumstance which is of great value, namely, that the journey may be performed in 44 hours. In journeying from New York, the traveller may put himself on board one of the magnificent North river steamers, as the Troy, the Empire, the Columbia, or the Albany, at seven o'clock in the evening; he is comfortably at breakfast in Troy the next morning, and may proceed either by Mail Stages, or by Canal boats to Whitehall, and from thence up Lake Champlain to St. Johns, at which place he will arrive on the second afternoon about 4 o'clock. Or if he prefer it he may proceed by Rail Road to Saratoga, thence by stages to the head of Lake George, down that beautiful and romantic sheet of water to Ticonderoga, and from thence by one of the Lake Champlain Steamers, plying from Whitehall to St. Johns as above described. From St. Johns, an hour's passage by Rail Road brings him to La Prairie, and half an hour more lands him per Steamer, passage boat, at Montreal. In the most expensive of these routes, the traveller may cover his expenses with a \$10 note, in the least expensive, which means by Canal boat, and by the opposition on Lake Champlain, for little more than half that money.

On the Lake Champlain there are two Steamers, taking alternate days, which perhaps cannot be excelled by any others in the whole of lake or internal navigation; these are the Burlington, Capt. Sherman, and the Whitehall, Capt. Lathrop, they are fast boats, have abundant accommodations, are really floating palaces, and are commanded by gentlemen in every sense of the word. These boats carry the mail, and are consequently to be depended upon for accuracy of despatch, but they are a little more expensive in their passage fares.

Montreal, the capital and seat of Provincial Government of British North America is and must continue, as we have said, to be a rapidly enlarging city. In this view it will always be a place of large resort, both to persons of business and to the idly curious. Multitudes are continually coming and going and it will quickly be found that the accommodation to strangers is not sufficiently great. Not but that there are many and good hotels, but for the most part if not universally they are much too small for the influx and efflux during the summer months; and though these form but the smaller portion of the year, yet travellers must be made comfortable or they will quickly depart. The house most generally enquired for by strangers is Rasco's hotel, the largest in the city, and situated conveniently enough for those who want to pass either up or down the St. Lawrence, as well as for those who desire a central position for temporary business in the city. It was long managed by the person whose name it bears, but who, having acquired a competency has now resigned it to his nephew M. Donogana. A large market house is at present in course of erection immediately in front of it, which when completed would completely destroy it as a hotel, the proprietor therefore is fitting up a house which will be really worthy of the City and of the temporary sojourners therein. The proposed new hotel was formerly the residence of Lord Durham and Lord Sydenham; the building is extensive yet it will be still further enlarged upon the most modern and approved plans. We understand it will contain upwards of two hundred bed rooms, numerous splendid parlours, and suites of apartments for families, a beautiful dining hall, and a large and magnificent Ball and Concert Room, there will likewise be baths, billiard rooms, &c. Of the table, wines, and comestibles generally, they will have to speak for themselves in due time, but at any rate here is the beginning of that which is wanted.

The air of Montreal is dry and the atmosphere generally healthy; there are numerous drives and promenades about the environs which are very beautiful, particularly about the mountain on the north-west side of the city; up the left bank of the St. Lawrence towards Lachine and the celebrated Indian village; across the Island to the Ottawa River; and by way of variety a trip to Bel Oel a mountain about 40 miles from Montreal on the highest summit of which a stupendous monument has been built at the expense of Bishop Nancy, commemorative of the progress of Temperance. There is one thing, however, likely to retard the progress of that important moral reform in Montreal; the water there is abominably bad and always affects strangers, though the inhabitants do not complain of it; hence it has to be mingled with some other liquid, either as a preventive to evil consequences, or as a pretext for following one's own inclination.

The city does not yet possess a residence worthy of the rank and importance of a Governor General, but this we presume will soon be set about: nor has it yet a Parliament House, that which is for the present used as such being but a Market-house fitted up for temporary accommodation. The only theatre in that city is a very paltry affair, and it is not possible that it will long satisfy the wants of so rising a place. The carriage ways of the streets are for the most part paved with wood, and the city is very clean. The streets with a few exceptions are rather narrow, the houses for the most part built with stone, in which respect this city resembles greatly those of Scotland, the roofs are of tin, which in consequence of the dry atmosphere does not quickly corrode, and, near sunset of a fine evening those roofs give the appearance of an immense and brilliant white blaze of fire.

A work of great magnitude is in steady progress here; it is a ship canal to be continued from Montreal to Lachine, by means of which vessels of considerable tonnage may avoid the rapids at the last named place, and advance much higher up the St. Lawrence. The British Government have lent a million and a half sterling for this purpose, upon the security of the province, and it will well repay the enterprise. The masonry is solid, massive, and grand, therein assimilating to the splendid wharfing by which all the river side of the city is embanked.

Mr. G. Bristow.—Among the aspirants for musical eminence growing up, in this community, there is one who, though almost silently pursuing his ardu-

ous course, is destined, as we well believe, to be a prominent member of his delightful profession, and to shed great light upon musical science. This young musician is Mr. George Bristow, son of Mr. W. Bristow, organist of the cathedral of St. Patrick, and he is devotedly attached to the profession he has adopted. The world, even the musical world, scarcely knows of his existence, for he has not that we are aware of, ever appeared in public as a solo or other ad captandum performer, he has stuck close to the study of musical principles and to the practice of the violin and pianoforte, on both of which instruments he possesses much facility of execution, though lacking somewhat of that vigour and strength which are the principal features of excellence in those who are professed solo players. Our attention was called on Monday evening to an overture written by this young man two years ago—he has not yet completed his twentieth year—it was played on that evening at Niblo's; and although the performance itself was but indifferently executed we could not but be struck by the forceful vigour of the young composer's ideas, the massy and magnificent harmonies, which pervaded every part, the beauty and sweetness of several solos, the admirable skill of many curious resolutions effected in the course of the composition, and the taste with which the whole was wrought into a compact plot and striking *tout ensemble*. We could not help wishing, while we listened to it, that we might hear it through such a medium as the band of the Philharmonic Society, and not a little were we delighted to learn on the following day, that he is actually scoring it for that full and excellent orchestra, where full justice will be done to the original ideas, and in which we really anticipate a rich treat.

The composition is strictly an Overture, consisting of a slow introductory movement, an allegro movement, and a few bars of coda in accelerated time. He calls it the Overture to "Cleopatra" but as it is neither attached to an opera of that name, nor has anything peculiarly analogous to anything that we know of concerning the syren of Egypt, he might as well have called it Fidelio or Cymon, or anything else. Works of this kind were best ushered into the world merely as "Overtures," unless they win for themselves a name, as the "Jupiter" of Mozart.

It were devoutly to be wished that a young man of such promising talents as Mr. G. Bristow could have the means of spending a couple or three years in the German and Italian schools of composition; he would, or we are greatly mistaken, become honoured and distinguished in the musical profession. Let affluent patrons of the art look to it; they might render a service at small, perhaps no inconvenience to themselves, for which they might be abundantly repaid at no distant day.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—We perceive by the placards that the manager has made abundant preparation for a splendid season of Dramatic performances. Among the artists of high talent included in his list we find the following—Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Bland, Rophino Lacy and his daughter, Mrs. Mowatt, Messrs. Brough, Bass, Roberts, Gordon, Reeve, Hackett, &c. Of these we need scarcely remind the reader that Mrs. Kean is the charming actress and ladylike woman so admired here both in public and in private as Miss Ellen Tree; she will revive among us the classic times of the Shakspeare Drama, in which she will be ably supported by her husband Mr. Chas. Kean. Mrs. Bland's professional reputation is well known, more particularly under her maiden name of Miss Helen Faucitt; Mr. Lacy and his daughter have a high reputation in the musical world, as has likewise our old friend Brough; the debut of Mrs. Mowatt is still fresh in every recollection; the veteran Hackett is sure of a welcome whether as fat Falstaff, bewildered Rip Van Winkle, or Job Fox; Roberts has shown himself an elegant comedian during his very few nights at Niblo's, and, though Messrs. Bass, Gordon, and Reeve are at present nearly unknown to us, we doubt not that, coming in such goodly company, they will be found efficient artists. The theatre will be opened on Monday.

The French Operatic company closed here last night, we fear they have not realized much by their enterprise, and they have lost a very efficient member of their company in the death of poor Cœuriot.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The delightful place is in great strength and triumphant career. The brothers Placide are drawing all the world to their performances.

BOWERY THEATRE.—We have actually to wait until the press of eagerness slackens, in order to find room to sit down here.

Literary Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS, BY DR. ABERCROMBIE.—This collection will be warmly received by that section of the reading public, who prefer the works of solid merit to those of mere amusement. Every admirer of the Doctor's former production will of course procure this.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE, No. 35 is a good number, as to its illustrations they amount to over sixty including the vignettes and initial letters.

HARPER'S EDITION OF THE WANDERING JEW, No. 16, is also published, price 3 cents—a new and splendidly embellished edition is on the eve of being issued by the same firm. This remarkable production well merits good typography and illustration; and this is what the Harpers propose—fitting it for permanent preservation in the library.

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.—By Miss Beecher.—This is a very suitable work to the present times; it is judiciously and ably written; and its object is the moral elevation and improvement of society through the instrumentality of that ministering angel, who albeit she was the first to transgress, is also the foremost in every errand of mercy and peace,—woman.

Cricketer's Chronicle.

KENT vs. SUSSEX.

The great annual contest between these two counties which take the lead in cricket, commenced in Box's ground, Brighton, on Thursday morning, July 3d. The weather fortunately proved most favorable; for, though some heavy showers fell in the early part of the day, by noon all was clear; the sun came forth brilliantly; there was nice fresh air from the south; and as far as the elements went, all was propitious for the manly game which was to take place.

The turf, too, was in excellent condition, though somewhat heavy from the soaking rains which fell at the beginning of the week, and so far favorable to the batter and against the bowler.

Kent perfectly understood this, and having won the toss, went to the wicket at half-past 12. But in the first place an understanding was come to with regard to the laws to be enforced by the umpires.—Good and Caldecott,—on the bowlers, and it was agreed on both sides that the late rules, which have caused no little confusion by restricting over-handed bowling within too narrow limits, should be dispensed with, and the old rules only enforced. This was very important to the Sussex players, whose new bowler, Wisden, delivers the ball even higher than usual; and Dean has terribly felt the curb which has been put upon his bowling.

These preliminaries having been settled, Kent sent Martin and Adams to the wicket. The first, by-the-bye, is not, we understand, legitimately a Kent player, though he has played once or twice in the Kentish eleven. But he was allowed to remain; and the game commenced—Dean bowling at the lower—Wisden at the upper wicket. This latter, we should mention, is a mere boy—about 18 or 19 years of age; but he is a disciple of Lillywhite, in whose grounds he was first trained, and has since had the benefit of Box's instructions; and under such able tutors, young as he is, he is a first-rate bowler, both in style, pace, and precision, and promises to revive the glories of Sussex bowling—so long without a parallel.

Notwithstanding the absence of Mr. A. Mynn, one of the "great guns" of Kent—the presence of Pilch and Felix, and the long course of success she has had, made her still the favorite, and betting, at starting, was 6 to 4, and subsequently became 2 to 1. But we are anticipating.

The Sussex field was laid out with the usual efficiency. Box was, of course, at the wicket; Bushby long-stop; Mr. Barton at the point; Mr. Taylor cover-point; Hammond at the leg, and the others skillfully disposed.

Adams received the first ball from Dean, and it was a wide one. Indeed, the Ploughboy, was not in good feather. He didn't put the steam on; the heavy ground made bowling up-hill work; and the Kentish men being both strong men and slashing hitters, set to and made sharp work for the field. Martin, after scoring the first run from Wisden, made two fourers in succession from Dean, and again a two, when his stumps were beautifully scattered by a ball from Wisden. This first feat of the young bowler was rewarded by a round of applause. Martingale (who also, it is shrewdly suspected, has no right to be in the Kentish eleven, having left the county for another part of the country and coming originally from Surrey)—now joined Adams, who took up the batting with spirit, and was well supported by his companion. Ones, twos, threes, and fours followed pretty fast, principally from Dean's bowling, and which, as we have before said, was weak, whilst Wisden kept on well and steadily, and was comparatively untouched. At last, about 1 o'clock, when 50 runs had been made for one wicket, George Picknell was substituted for Dean, and Mr. E. Napper for Wisden. This latter, however, did not prove a very fortunate change; for in Mr. Napper's first over, Adams scored three fourers—fine hits to the point—and for which he was rewarded by the cheers of the ground. This would not do at all—so, after another over or two, in which more runs were scored, Mr. Napper was taken off for Mr. Taylor, whose slow and eccentric bowling puzzled the batters, and produced some pause in the hitting, and at length, Adams striking the ball sharply to middle point, it was cleanly caught by Mr. King, and his brilliant innings, in which he scored 58, terminated. Eighty runs, however, had been obtained for two wickets, and betting was now two to one on Kent. Pilch now came out, and was, as usual, well received; but the Magnus Apollo of all batsmen has not been lucky this year—his achievements have not equalled his fame, and, on the present occasion, after scoring a two and a single, Picknell found out his wicket, and, on this piece of luck, somewhat restored the game. Eighty-eight runs for three wickets. Dorrington next joined Martingale, and both were playing well when the dinner-bell sounded. After dinner, some rapid hitting took place—both by Martingale and Dorrington—off Picknell and Mr. Taylor, the latter of whom was at last taken off for Wisden, who came on fresh, and certainly bowled with a skill and spirit equal to that of the best bowlers. Dean was also substituted for Picknell, and seemed, to recover a little of his ancient terrors, sending the ball in swiftly and truly. Notches were now getting slowly, when Martingale, after making 35, was bowled by a fine ball from Wisden. Another cheer for the young *debutant*. Felix—the facetious, active, jesting, merry, notch-getting Felix, who makes cricket what it really should be, a lively and amusing as well as a scientific game, and who loves a jest as well as a fourer—Felix came forth amid the cheers of the ground, and took his position at the wicket. He was not, it may be supposed long idle. A two, two singles, a three, and another two were soon rattled off, and a long career of fagging seemed to open on the Sussex field, when a splendid piece of fielding on the part of Taylor and Box saved them from the infliction of Felix's waggery and a long score. The little gentleman, be it remarked, is, with all his liveliness, a strict disciplinarian. Like a veteran, he can jest on the field of battle, but no leaving the ranks, no playing tricks with gunpowder. This is for schoolboys and tyros at the game—not for Kentish cricketers. So, when a run was to be run, Felix shouted out to his comrade the word of command, "over"—and when repose was expedient, the same sonorous voice shouted "stand." But what hero can guard against accident—or against the decrees of fate?

"Who can stop the stream of destiny.
Or break the chain of strong necessity?"

Not a cricketer—no, not the happy Felix. To the proof. It so happened, as indeed was very like, that Felix struck a ball delivered by George Picknell. Swiftly it came—still more swiftly it flew back. "Over," shouted Felix, and away started the batsmen. But, "ere he reached the point proposed," fain would Felix have been safe at home; for the ball, swiftly as it went, was arrested by the hand of Mr. Taylor—not to rest in its restless course—no—as quick as thought it was on its way to Box who ready for his part of the drama, with out-stretched frame and expanded hands,

received the flying missile, and, as the gasping panting Felix was arriving at the threshold of safety, dashed down, at one stroke, his hopes and the wickets. So fell the mighty batsman—the victim of ill-luck and Sussex fielding! This gave a favorable aspect to matters, and the Sussex men went to work with fresh spirits. The bowling was first-rate—the fielding, particularly of Messrs. King, Barton, and Taylor, admirable; and luck now came to the assistance of the County. 5 wickets had been levelled for above 150 runs—an awful number. But quick work was made of the next five players. Mr. W. Mynn, who followed Felix, after a short stand, was caught by Wisden off his own ball. Mr. Whittaker and Hillyer were both caught (without a notch) by Dean at the middle, off Wisden; Mr. Hollingsworth bowled by Dean for 1, and the last man, who came out at half-past 6, was, after an over or two, dispatched by a killing ball from Wisden, who thus got three wickets by his bowling, caught one, and had two caught off his bowling—a pretty good share of work for a *debutant*. The total amount of Kent's score was 171.

A laughable incident occurred during the afternoon's play. A momentary pause having taken place in the game, the spectators were surprised to see a strange-looking figure with the cut of a sailor, and bare feet, run into the field and hold parley with the players. The proposition, whatever it was, did not seem to be favorably received; but still the intruder persisted, until at length Box ran up, and catching hold of the interloper, proceeded to lead him off the ground. In this, however, he was resisted, and a struggle was about to ensue, when, all at once, George Picknell ran to the rescue, caught the struggler by the heels, Box secured his head, and amidst the cheers and laughter of the ground, he was borne off in triumph. His desire we understand, was to favor the company with a hornpipe, by way of variety.

At a quarter past 6 the Sussex commenced its first innings, Mr. Napper and Wisden going to the wicket. Dorrington kept the wicket for Kent; Carter was long-stop; Felix at the point, and Pilch cover-point, or rather all over the ground. Hillyer gave the first over to Wisden, who scored one, and two or three more followed, when, at Hillyer's third over, the ball struck Mr. Napper in the leg and went into his wicket—1 wicket for 5 runs. Hammond took his place, and scored 2 off his first ball. Felix now had a chance of catching Wisden off Martingale (who bowled at the lower wicket), and failing, threw up his cap at the ball. At the next ball, however, Wisden touched into Dorrington's hands, and went out—2 wickets for 7 runs. Things looked black for Sussex, and odds became stronger against her. Bushby came out to restore matters, and was received with applause. He received his first ball from Martingale, and made one of the best hits of the day, sending it foreright into the booth, and scoring 4. A fine display of batting now ensued, and for half-an-hour the fine bowling of Hillyer and Martingale was completely baffled, and runs scored, if not fast, yet steadily and safely. Hammond now made a fine hit to the point and scored 4; Bushby scored 3 and then 4—and several singles and twos filled up the intervals and kept the game alive. Thirty had been got between these two, when, unluckily Bushby made a fine hit off Hillyer and sent the ball right into Pilch's hand, going out for 17. Three wickets for 36 runs. Mr. Taylor took his place; this was at a quarter past 7, and he and Hammond continued to play with great skill up to 8, when the wickets were struck for the day, Sussex having scored 53 for 3 wickets, betting being 5 and 6 to 4.

The game was re-commenced soon after noon yesterday. The weather was again beautiful, and a large number of persons assembled on the grounds. Mr. Taylor and Hammond took up the play with spirit, and for the short time they continued together added about twelve to the score. Hammond was then caught by Mr. Whittaker, having made 21, and was succeeded by Box, who began by scoring 4 off Martingale, and again the play was carried on with spirit. They kept together for about twenty minutes, when Mr. Taylor was finally caught by Pilch and went out for 18. 5 wickets for 80 runs, and betting 2 to 1 against Sussex. George Picknell joined Box, and both played well and steadily, adding a run now and then, and tiring the bowlers but doing nothing very brilliant. At last, when about a dozen had been added to the score by this cautious work, Martingale was taken off for Adams. Box now let out and made a 3, a 2, and a couple of singles, and was batting beautifully, with every prospect of a long score, when he touched a ball from Adams and it went to Martingale at the slip, who fell in catching it, but threw the ball up, and it was given out. This was a "heavy blow and great discouragement" for Sussex, whose crack men were now all dispatched for about 100 runs. Mr. W. Napper followed, and began by making a four off Hillyer and two singles, and things were looking up, when, by a piece of ill-luck, Picknell went out. Picknell having touched the ball from behind wicket, Napper ran and called to Picknell to run too; but Picknell, a slow horse, started late—paused in the middle of the ground, and in the meanwhile the ball was thrown up and his wicket levelled. Seven wickets down for 112 runs. Mr. Barton came next and seemed in good order for play—driving one of Adams's balls well forward, and making 4, when he hit the ball up into Dorrington's hands. Mr. King now came out, and being a *debutant* was warmly received. He began to play with caution, whilst Mr. Napper took up the hitting with great spirit. Twos, threes, and a fourer—all before wicket—quickly followed each other, and his score stood at 20 when the bell rang for dinner at a quarter past 2.

In the afternoon Mr. Napper and Mr. King were quickly parted by the former being caught by Pilch, and Dean, who came in last man, shared the same fate at the hands of Felix. The Sussex innings closed for 135 runs—36 behind their opponents. It is a singular fact that, with the exception of the first man, not a wicket was bowled down on the Sussex side, and eight men were caught out. Betting 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Kent.

Kent opened their second innings with Mr. W. Mynn and Mr. Whittaker—Dean and Wisden bowling, but changing wickets. Dean's first ball was, as in the morning, wide; Mynn scored 1 off the 2d; no run off Wisden's over. Whittaker now struck Dean and Mr. Mynn nearly run himself out—another ball, and his wickets were cleverly scattered by Dean. 1 wicket two runs. Martingale joined Whittaker, who missed being run out by Box failing to take the ball when cleverly thrown up by Hammond—an unusual, and, in the state of the game, a vexatious circumstance. The next ball Mr. E. Napper let pass him and Martingale scored three. A dozen runs were now made in quick style, and Picknell was put on for Wisden, who, however, had been bowling well. Mr. Whittaker was soon after well-bowled by Dean. 2 wickets, 26 runs. Pilch followed, and soon made a 4 from Picknell, and four more were run from a fine hit by Martingale, who had just before narrowly missed being run out. Indeed, the Kentish players had many chances for their lives. Wisden was now again put on at Dean's wicket, and bowled at Pilch with a spirit and skill

which excited the admiration of the ground. The great man could do nothing with them. Martingale was now well caught at the leg by Mr. E. Napper. 3 wickets, 47 runs. Dorrington followed. Pilch batted with great caution, but now got into play—made a fore-right hit from Wisden, counting 4; another for 3; and caused a change in the bowling—Mr. W. Napper taking Wisden's place. Picknell now took off one of Dorrington's balls by a trimming ball—four wickets down, 62 runs—and Felix joined Pilch. Such a combination caused a sensation, and work was expected to be cut out for Sussex. Nor was the expectation deceptive. For some time, indeed, both men batted very cautiously, and many overs passed without a run, and only escaped a divorce by Dean letting a ball which was hit back into his hands slip out of them again. This escape, as it frequently happens in cricket, seemed to give confidence to the batters. It was a declaration of Fortune on their side; and Pilch, letting out in his old style, scored a 2, 3, 4, and several singles, in beautiful style, soon reaching 40, whilst Felix quietly picked up ones, and both men seemed to have made up their minds to remain in for the rest of the evening. Felix now showed his metal, and Wisden having taken Mr. Napper's place, he made 3 fours off Wisden's first over, and another fourer off his second over; but in the 4th over he was given out before wicket, having scored 27, of which 20 were fourers. 5 wickets, 118 runs. Martingale followed—was missed at his second ball by Picknell, and at his fourth was caught by Dean off Wisden without a run. 6 wickets, 118 runs. Adams followed, and after scoring two singles, struck a leg-ball bowled by Mr. Taylor right out of the ground, counting 6. The next ball he scored a fourer. Dean was now put on for Wisden, and after 10 more had been scored, Mr. Taylor was taken off for Picknell. The change, however, produced no effect, and the batters continued to score fast until 8 o'clock, when the wickets were struck for the day—Kent having scored 158 runs for 6 wickets, and being 194 a-head of Sussex.

There were each day about 2,000 persons on the ground.

The above is from the "Brighton Herald." For a description of the remainder of this extremely interesting game we are indebted to "Bell's Life in London."

On Saturday the remaining four wickets of Kent fell for only 14 runs, leaving Sussex to go in upon 208 runs. In the second innings of Sussex, Dean and King went in first, and at the sixth over, a ball from Hillyer touched Dean's leg and went into the wicket; four runs were obtained. Mr. W. Napper shared a similar fate; two wickets down for 14 runs. Mr. Taylor came next, scored two singles, and made a beautiful hit for five. He scored very fast till he had run up to 20, when he, remarkably enough, hit the ball into his wicket; three wickets down for 43 runs. Mr. W. E. Napper succeeded him, and some pretty play was shown, till King was caught by Carter; four wickets down for 56 runs. Bushby joined Napper, and they were scoring fast, when the bell rang for dinner. Bushby played for some time after dinner and was caught out by Whittaker. Box then went in, and at four o'clock there were five wickets down, and about 100 runs to get. Betting, which was as high as 8 and 10 to 1 on Kent on Friday receded considerably. The play proceeded for about half an hour, during which the play gradually increased. Napper then struck a boother, and immediately afterwards the ball went from his bat and scored another four. Great applause followed, and the interest of the game now became most exciting; 71 runs to be got at a quarter to five, and only five down. At half-past five Box, who had been batting beautifully, was caught out; six wickets down and 48 runs to get. It is worthy of remark, and speaks highly for the cautious play of Box, that the whole of his score in this innings were made up of single runs. The loss of his wicket was a damper upon Sussex; but still there were some good men and true to go in. Hammond followed, and scored one, Mr. Napper one and a three, when Hammond left his wicket, the ball was thrown up and he was put out. This altered the betting materially. There were still 43 runs to win, and three wickets to go down. George Picknell took his place, and scored four from Hillyer's first ball. After this each scored rapidly from his bat. The Kent eleven were at a loss. Slow bowling was tried; but that would not do. At length the number was reduced to teens, and the excitement of the field became intense; every ball was watched with great anxiety, and every hit applauded. The number was reduced to 8, when Mr. Napper made a splendid four from Martingale amidst renewed applause. The tie ball came, the umpires stood up, and almost at the same instant the spectators rose and gave a hearty cheer. Mr. Napper then struck the winning ball, which Martingale pocketed. Mr. Napper's friends advanced to the wicket, congratulated him on his admirable play, and conducted him in triumph to the marquee.

We subjoin the score:—

KENT.		SUSSEX.	
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Adams, c. by King	58	c. by Box	28
Martin, b. by Wisden	12	c. by Napper	25
Pilch, b. by Picknell	3	b. by Picknell	54
Martingale, b. by Wisden	35	c. by Dean	0
Felix, Esq., run out	9	leg before wicket	27
W. Mynn, Esq., c. by Wisden ..	7	b. by Dean	1
Hillyer, c. by Dean	0	b. by Picknell	0
Dorrington, not out	40	b. by Picknell	2
Whittaker, Esq., c. by Dean ..	0	b. by Dean	8
Hollingsworth, Esq., b. by Dean	1	not out	2
Carter, b. by Wisden	0	b. by Picknell	3
Wide Balls, 4. Byes, 2	6	Byes, 13. Wides, 9	22
	171		172
KENT.		SUSSEX.	
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
E. Napper, b. by Hillyer	1	not out	83
Wisden, c. by Dorrington	4	c. by Whittaker	20
Bushby, c. by Pilch	17	ran out	1
Hammond, c. by Whittaker	21	b. by Hillyer	20
C. G. Taylor, Esq., c. by Pilch ..	18	b. by Hillyer	21
Box, c. by Martingale	22	not out	21
G. Picknell, ran out	16		
G. Barton, Esq., c. by Dorrington.	4		
W. Napper, Esq., c. by Pilch	23	b. by Hillyer	7
Dean, c. by Felix	0	b. by Hillyer	2
G. W. King, Esq., not out	4	c. by Carter	13
Wide Balls, —. Byes, 5		Wides, 11. Byes, 11	22
	135		210

A letter from Algiers, of the 24th ult., furnishes accounts of more razzias, and also of an expedition by general Marey against the tribe of Oulad el-Aziz, in order to chastise them for having assisted Ben-Sa'em in his attempt to stir up a revolt among the tribe of the Arib-Cheraga. The general is said to have burnt several villages, and made considerable booty. About 2400 Arabs, in close alliance with the French, co-operated in this affair, and are said to have realised an enormous booty, the tribe which was attacked being very rich.

The *Sud*, of Marseilles, contains the following intelligence from Algiers, dated June 21:—M. Leon Roche returned last night from Larache, with the Emperor of Morocco's ratification of the treaty concluded between that Sovereign's Minister and General Delarue. The arrival in the Roads of three French ships of war, the *Veloce*, *Titan*, and *Cygne*, has promoted the arrangement, and seasonably seconded the intelligent efforts of General Delarue, our Charge d'Affaires, M. de Chateau, and M. Leon Roche."

THE BRANDRETH PILLS. as a general family medicine, especially in a country so subject to sudden changes of temperature as this, their value is incalculable. By having the Brandreth Pills always on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness take place, they can be given at once, and will often have effected a cure before the physician could have arrived.

In cholera or inflammation of the bowels, these Pills will at once relieve, and persevere in their use, according to the directions, will surely do all that medicine can do, to restore the health of the patient.

In all cases of Indigestion, Worms, Asthma, Diseases of the Heart, and all affections of the stomach and bowels, the Brandreth Pills will be found a never-failing remedy.

To insure the full benefit of these celebrated Pills, they should be kept in the house, so that, upon the first commencement of sickness, they may be at once resorted to. One dose then is better than a dozen after disease has become established in the system.

WHEN THE BODY IS SUBJECT TO MANY CHANGES, IT REQUIRES MEDICINE.—Sudden changes from very hot, to chilly weather, are unfavourable to health; and it is a fact universally admitted, that heat and moisture are powerful agents in producing disease, and that constant dry and constant wet weather are both favorable to its generation. It does not signify what we call it: it may be ague; it may be bilious fever; it may be yellow fever; it may be dysentery; it may be rheumatism; it may be bronchitis; it may be cholera; it may be constipation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the stomach; it may be a nervous affection; but still it is disease, and a disease curable by the Brandreth Pills, because they remove all impurities from the body, all that can in any manner feed the further progress of the malady; no matter how called; thus these pills are not only the most proper medicine, but generally the only medicine that need or ought to be used.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 941 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-street, New York, and Mrs. Booth's, 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ORATORIO.

THE BEAUTIFUL and effective oratorio of **THE SEVEN SLEEPERS** will be performed early in September next, at the Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE LODGE.

The choruses will be sustained by OVER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE performers, selected with particular reference to their MUSICAL QUALIFICATIONS. The Solo parts, (10 in number,) will be well sustained by RESIDENT TALENT.

A powerful orchestra will be engaged for the occasion, and the public may confidently rely upon hearing a good oratorio WELL PERFORMED.

Mr. H. C. TIMM will preside at the organ.

N. B.—Persons leaving their names at the stores of Firth & Hall; Firth, Hall & Pond, 239 Broadway; Atwill's; Saxton & Miles; Riley, Scharfenburgh, & Luis; G. F. Nesbitt, cor. Wall and Water; or with H. Meigs, 446 Broadway, previous to first of September, will receive THREE TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR, payable on delivery of the tickets. Aug. 16—31

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY.

NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons	\$15 00	1 Month	\$12 00
10 do	10 00	20 Rides	10 00
4 do	5 00	10 do	6 00
Single Lessons	2 00	Single Rides	75
Road do	2 50		

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

RULES.

- 1—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.
 - 2—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.
 - 3—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.
 - 4—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
 - 5—Hours for Gentlemen, from 6 to 8 A. M. and 3 to 7 P. M.
 - 6—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.
- A card of address is requested previous to commencing.
- If Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis. Aug. 16—31

R. MARTIN & CO.

Will Publish,

THIS DAY,

PART 7.

OF their beautifully illustrated FAMILY BIBLE, with Notes by the Rev. A. Fletcher D. D. containing a highly finished view of the Ruins of the City of Samaria. The superiority of this work over all others, makes it a desirable acquisition in every family. No other works have been magnificently illustrated, the Bible, until now, has never received the highest aids of art.

A full Family Record will be given in the early No's. and everything will be done to render it the most beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures ever published. The plates and steel engravings of this work, will cost over forty thousand dollars.

Aug. 9—21

R. MARTIN & CO., 26 John St.

SUPERIOR PRIVATE APARTMENTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A limited number of Gentlemen, or married couples, but without young children, may be accommodated with spacious apartments in one of the most eligible locations of the city; and with an proportion of board that may best suit their requirements. The most unexceptionable references will be given and required. Apply at No. 127 Hudson Street, in St. John's Park.

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE.—JAMES L. HEWITT, has removed his Piano Forte and Music Store to 295 Broadway, (La Forge's New Buildings,) where will always be found a large and general assortment of Music and Musical Instruments of every description, both at Wholesale and Retail.

J. L. H. is the sole agent for this city, for the sale of Lemuel Gilbert's (of Boston) celebrated Patent Action Piano Fortes, which are now considered by the most eminent professors equal, if not superior, to any made.

Military Bands supplied with the very best Instruments, all of which are warranted perfect.—All orders for Music, Musical Instruments, or Piano Fortes, addressed to the Subscriber, will meet the same attention as if by a personal application.

My 17—4m.

JAMES L. HEWITT, 295 Broadway, between Reade and Duane.

CASTLE GARDEN.

THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style; no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Elster Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12 cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenades outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

REGULAR MAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE, AND VIA NEWPORT, composed of the following very superior and well known Steamers, running in connection with the Stonington and Providence Railroads and the Boston and Providence Railroads:—

MASSACHUSETTS, of 600 tons, Capt. Comstock.
MOHEGAN, 400 tons, Capt. Thayer.
NARRAGANSETT, 600 tons, Capt. Manchester.
RHODE ISLAND, 1000 tons, Capt. Thayer.
Under the new arrangement, which will offer increased comfort and advantage to travellers and shippers of freight, the line will be established daily on and after the 10th April, leaving New York, Boston and Providence every afternoon, (Sundays excepted.)
Will leave New York at 5 o'clock P.M. from Battery Place.
Will leave Boston at 4 1/2 P.M.
Will leave Providence at 6 P.M.
Will leave Newport at 8 P.M.
Will leave Stonington at 9 P.M.
Via Stonington, the MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Comstock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 P.M.
Via Stonington and Newport, the NARRAGANSETT, Capt. Manchester, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 P.M.

Passengers on arrival of the Steamers at Stonington, will be immediately forwarded in the Railroad Cars to Providence and Boston.
For passage or freight, apply on board at north side of pier 1, 22 Broadway, or office of Saml. Deveau, freight agent, on the wharf.
Tickets for the route, and steamer's berths, can be secured on board, or at the office of Harnden & Co., 6 Wall Street.

My17-6m

G. B. CLARKE,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Bik Cass Pants (Doeskin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

He will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and

and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge.

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

(Mr8-1f.)

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. G. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. My24-1v

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Established in 1805—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN, No. 27 Wall street, opposite to the Bank of Commerce, as General Agents, are duly empowered to receive, and confirm at once, all eligible risks for Insurance on Single Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorship Annuities, on the same favorable terms as at the London Office.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY:—
Perfect Security—arising from a large paid up capital, totally independent of the premium fund.

Participation at once in all the profits of the Company.
Low Premiums for short term of Life.

Life Policy holders' premium reduced every three years.
Bonus of eighty per cent—4-5ths of the Profits returned to the Policyholders every three years at compound interest.

Profits paid in cash, or taken in reduction of the annual premium, or in augmentation of the sum insured, at the option of the policyholder.

A fair compensation allowed on the surrender of Life Policies to the Company.
Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100.

Age next birth day.	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
25	92	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 00	3 39

From the above it will be seen that the Albion offers all the advantages of a Mutual Co., with the important addition of a large paid up Capital; and by paying the profits in cash, the policyholders derive advantages during their own lives, by a reduction every three years, until the premium ceases, when they still continue to participate in all the profits of the Co.

The public is respectfully requested to call at the Agency and examine the superior advantages offered by the Albion Office—in its safe and economical rates of premium to which may be attributed the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended the operations of the oldest and most respectable Companies in England.

Insurance at all ages from 10 to 74 years, from \$500 to \$15,000 on a single life.

Medical Examiners.

J. W. FRANCIS, M. D., No. 1 Bond Street.

J. C. BEALES, Esq., M. D., 543 Broadway.

Travelling limits very liberal. The necessary forms, and every information may be obtained by application to
JOSEPH FOWLER,
R. S. BUCHANAN, 27 Wallstreet.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),
W & J T. TAPSCOTT,
South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

My10-1f.]

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.
The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.
* * * Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied.
M. B. BRADY. (Apr19)

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at " "
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, " "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barre Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8 HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,

CANADA, &c, FOR 1845.

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,

South Street, corner Maiden Lane

To BUFFALO in 36 hours. CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORO-TO, H. MILTON, QUEENSTON, &c, CANADA, in 2 1/2 to 3 days.

THE Subscribers having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,
W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st.,
My10-1f. corner Maiden Lane.

DAGUERRETYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway
Corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewellery Store.) awarded the Medal, four
Prizes, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c., &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.
WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above. Mr29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. Barnard & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.
My10-1f. W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. B. Hamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brick Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much.
Yours respectfully,
WM. H. HACKETT
Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.
JOSEPH BARBOUR,
Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (Mr15-1f.)

STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new iron steamship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	15th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	24 Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	6th Nov.
Great Britain	do	23d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
For freight or passage, apply to
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845.

RICHARD IRVIN, 93 Front-street.
My10-tf.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
ROSCUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	26th March.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.	
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	26th April.		SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster,	11th March.	
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster,	26 May		GARRICK, Capt. B. L. H. Trask,	11th April	
GARRICK, Capt. B. L. H. Trask,	26th June		ROSCUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	11th May.	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My21-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W. C. Thompson,	May 11		STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1000 tons,	Feb. 26.	
UNITED STATES, A. B. Hutton,	June 11		UNITED STATES, 700 tons,	March 26.	
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Heintz,	July 11		VIRGINIAN, 700 tons,	April 26.	
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen,	Aug. 11		WATERLOO, 900 tons,	May 26.	

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street.
My24-ly.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

From New York.			From Liverpool.		
Ashtabuta, H. Huttonston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,		Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21,		
Patrick Heary, J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,		Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21,		
Independence, F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,		April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21,		
Henry Clay, Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,		May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21,		

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted. They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

My31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

From New York.			From Portsmouth.		
St. James, F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,		Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20,		
Northumberland, R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10,		March 1, July 1, Nov. 1,		
Gladiator, R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20,		10, 10, 10,		
Mediator, J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,		20, 20, 20,		
Switzerland, J. Knight,	10, 10, 10,		April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,		
Quebec, F. B. Hubbard,	20, 20, 20,		10, 10, 10,		
Victoria, E. E. Morgan,	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1,		20, 20, 20,		
Wellington, D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10,		May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1,		
Hendrick Hulson, G. Moore,	20, 20, 20,		10, 10, 10,		
Prince Albert, W. S. Sabor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,		20, 20, 20,		
Toronto, E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10,		June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1,		
Westminster, Hovey,	20, 20, 20,		10, 10, 10,		

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c. are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.
My24-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Days of Sailing from New York.			Days of Sailing from Liverpool.		
Cambridge, W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1,		July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16,		
England, S. Bartlett,	16, 16, 16,		Aug. 1, Dec. 1, Apr. 1,		
Oxford, J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1,		Aug. 16, Dec. 16, Apr. 16,		
Montezuma, (new) A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16,		Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1,		
Europe, A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1,		Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16,		
New York, Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16,		Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1,		
Columbus, G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1,		Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16,		
Yorkshire, (new) D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16,		Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1,		

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 39 Burling-slip, N. Y.,

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has a ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, heavy Herbariums Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plants. Ap 20 ti.

HENRY'S CHINESE SHAVING CREAM;

OR, ORIENTAL COMPOUND.

THE principal ingredients of this delightful Oriental Compound, being of Eastern origin, the preparation differs entirely from any other heretofore offered for the same purpose. Its component parts are held in the highest estimation where best known, but the composition itself is entirely new, and only requires a trial of its qualities, to satisfy all of its real worth. It has cost the Proprietors years of labor, and much expense, to bring the article to its present state of perfection, and is now submitted for public favour on its own merits, with the confident belief that it is the best as well as the most economical shaving Compound now in use.

A perusal of the following testimonials is respectfully requested:—

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Nothing is more intelligibly indicative of the amazing progress of Science in this age, than the innumerable additions which are constantly made to the sum of our minor comforts and luxuries. In our dwellings—in our cooking—in our clothing—in all our enjoyments and conveniences, we are daily receiving new accessions to our comfort. Even in the business of shaving, Science has been ministering largely to our enjoyments. That process, instead of being an affliction, is now positively a comfort—that is, if you use Sands & Co.'s admirable "Shaving Soap." Just try it.—N. Y. Herald.

SOMETHING FOR THE BEARD.—Not to make it grow, Reader—that is not exactly desirable; but a splendid article of Shaving Cream, unsurpassed, and, we believe, unsurpassable. Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, are famous for the superiority of every thing they sell in the Drug and Perfumery line; but they never did "bearded man" a greater favor than in furnishing him with "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is beautiful in appearance, beautiful in use, and a most decided luxury.—New York American Republican.

Several of our contemporaries have exhausted the power of language in praise of a new compound of the saponaceous kind, sold by A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, called "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is, indeed, a capital article, and deserves all that is said of it.—N. Y. Morning News.

THE CHINESE SHAVING CREAM, prepared by Sands, is one of the most pains-saving articles ever invented for the use of the bearded half of humanity. It is so convenient and pleasant that, once tried, it will always after be deemed an indispensably requisite to the toilet of a gentleman.—N. Y. Sun.

SOMETHING NEW FOR SHAVING.—A beautiful compound, in the shape of "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," has recently been tried by us in undergoing the "beard-reaping" process; and we truly say that this preparation, introduced by Messrs. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, is the pleasantest emollient to the skin we ever made use of. It makes the face soft and pleasant, and neither smart nor roughness follows the trace of the razor. It is decidedly the best thing we ever used, and for travellers, and those who do their own "barbering," is invaluable.—N. Y. Express.

SOFT SOAP.—The best razor in the world is of little use, provided the shaver has to work for hours mixing up lather from hard soap. No man can go through the operation of shaving, without he is aided by one or other of the shaving compounds for sale by the Perfumers. Of all those which we have tried, we give "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," prepared by A. B. Sands & Co., the preference. It raises a thick, delicate and creamy lather, which facilitates the mowing operation famously. We would not have any objection to receive a half-dozen pots of it, which would last us about a half-dozen years.—N. Y. Aurora.

Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., N. Y.—Price, 50 cents per jar. Sold also at 79 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway, and by Druggists generally in town and country. Ag2-3m.

DR. POWELL AND DR. DIOSY,

Oculists and Ophthalmic Surgeons, 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st.,

CONFINE their practice to Diseases of the Eye, Operations upon that Organ and its Appendages, and all imperfect Vision. Testimonials from the most eminent medical men of Europe and America. Reference to patients that have been perfectly cured of Amaurosis, Cataract, Ophthalmia, Neurile, or specs on the Eye, Strabismus or Squinting, &c.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. The poor treated gratuitously from 4 to 6 P. M.

Persons at a distance can receive advice and medicine by accurately describing their case. Jy 12-tf.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a well deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

Madi-onville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despair of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles, and now, after having used all nine bottles, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and his sight nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly,

E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion, is one of peculiar value to the afflicted:—

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—I speak experimentally when I say that this medicine is far more effectual in the cure of chronic or acute rheumatism than any other preparation I ever tested. Having endured extreme suffering at times within the last five years from repeated attacks of inflammatory or acute Rheumatism, I have recently used Sands's Sarsaparilla with the happiest success; my health is now better than it has been for many months past, my appetite is good, and my strength is rapidly returning. I attribute this healthful change entirely to the use of this potent medicine. Feeling a deep sympathy with those who are afflicted with this most tormenting and painful complaint, I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending to such the use of this valuable specific. Having the most entire confidence in the medicine and skill of Dr. Sands, I was induced thereby to try the effects of their Sarsaparilla, and I take pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others commendatory of its invaluable properties, unknown to and unsolicited by the Messrs. Sands. CHARLES DYER, Jr., Feb. 15, 1845.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkie, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J110-tf.